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THE LYNCHING OF WILLIAM BARKER AT LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

WE subjoin an excellent picture of the execution, by a mob, of William Barker the murderer, at Lexington, Kentucky, on 10th inst. The picture is from a Melainotype, taken on the spot by Mr. J. C. ELROD of that place—an artist who, we can readily imagine, ranks very high in his profession in the West.

Mr. CHARLES E. MOONEY thus writes concerning the affair:

"On the morning of the 10th instant William Barker, one of a notorious gang who have infested Lexington for some time, was engaged in an altercation with another person, and had his knife drawn as if to strike. Joseph Beard, the City Marshal, was at that time in the market-house across street, making some purchases. His attention being attracted to the fracas, he went over, and, seizing Barker by the arm, started with him to the watch-house; they had proceeded but a few steps when Barker uptripped Mr. Beard, and, as he was falling, stabbed him in the hip; the murderer then very deliberately turned his victim over and thrust his bowie-knife in his breast, *drawing it toward him and twisting it around in the wound*. Mr. Beard died instantly, and the assassin fled, but was arrested and placed in jail. The enraged citizens would at that time have visited summary punishment upon Barker; but it was too early in the morning, and but few were present.

"About seven o'clock A.M. the court-house and fire-bells were rung simultaneously, and in a remarkably short space of time hundreds of the best citizens had assembled at the court-house. A motion was made to proceed to the jail and take out the murderer and hang him. The proposition was received with an assenting shout; in a few moments the multitude had reached the jail, forced the keys from the jailer, and secured Barker; he was taken to the court-house, out of the second-story window of which a beam was thrust. The rope was then placed around the wretched man's neck, and the other end fastened to the beam; his hands were then tied, and he was let out of the window as gently as possible; but the rope proved too weak—it snapped, and the murderer fell to the pavement. Another rope was procured, and he was supported until it could be fastened; he was then swung off. He remained suspended for over an hour. Thus ended the fearful tragedy. That such demonstrations of popular indignation are to be deprecated all will readily admit, but that Barker deserved death no one will deny; and it is only because the people have seen for years their best citizens slaughtered, and the murderers permitted to go unwhipped of justice, that they resolved, in this instance, to show their determination not to be insulted by mock administration of law."

The following account of the same affair is by the correspondent of the Baltimore *American:*

"William Barker, the murderer, just discharged from prison upon a charge of theft, a notorious malefactor and rowdy, had a difficulty at early dawn with a person of the name of M'Chesney. Barker drew a knife, and made several attempts to stab M'Chesney, without serious result. Captain Beard, the murdered man, just from his home and bed, attempted to arrest Barker by clasping the arm whose hand contained the knife. The individual of the knife was possessed of a stalwart person and superior physical powers, and wrenched his arm out of Captain Beard's grasp, then grappled with him, threw him on the pavement, and, with his foot on him or leg thrown over him, raised his knife and stabbed him to the heart. Several citizens saw the deed done. Barker had previously threatened to kill Captain Beard. He was knocked down, by way of a warrant, and lugged off to jail. The bells rang, the citizens assembled, and I, with a desire to hear more of the affair, joined the rapidly accumulating throng in front of the jail.

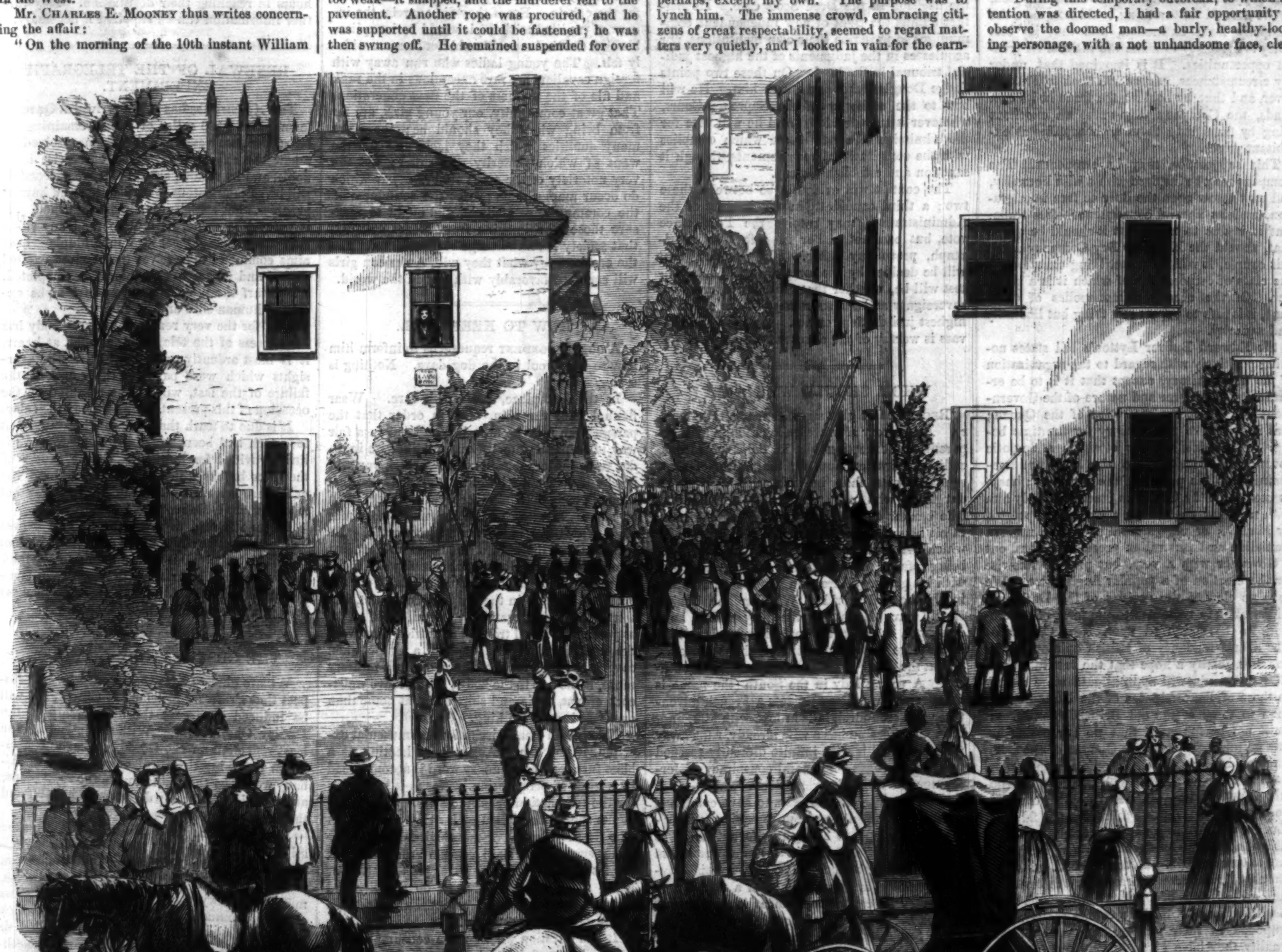
"No questions were asked; no second consideration formed a part of any person's mind present, perhaps, except my own. The purpose was to lynch him. The immense crowd, embracing citizens of great respectability, seemed to regard matters very quietly, and I looked in vain for the earnest eyes and clenched hands that to me seemed an indication of so awful a purpose.

"The brother of the murdered man stood silently and collectedly apart from the crowd. Like a person of honor called to the field, he seemed to have left the entire management of the vengeance to his friends and fellow-townsmen.

"No doubts were entertained of the result.

"The affair now began to assume an import so terribly solemn to one whose sympathies, by reason of knowing no one concerned, were not enlisted, that I bethought me of getting away until all was over. Just at this moment an immense cheer and cries of 'They've got him!' passing from mouth to mouth from the dense mass around the jail door, announced a more explicit demonstration. Forth they came by twos and threes, and now I saw the countenances of determination that I had previously looked for. Presently I had a momentary glimpse of the doomed personage, as bareheaded, with open collar, he was hurried away by the crowd to the court-house. The fascination of the occasion, which can only be explained by likening it to the serpent's charm, drew me with the rapid moving crowd. Over the fences, through the gates, came the eager assemblage, as the foremost ones hurried him from tree to tree in the court-house yard, with a rope of the consistency of a well-used bed-cord, seeking vainly for some limb sufficiently strong to sustain his guilty weight. An officer of the law made a sort of demonstration with his hat from the steps of the court-house. 'Friends, fellow-citizens!' 'Hang him, hang him!' 'My friends, I entreat—' 'Hang him!' 'No mercy, no trial—hang him!'

"During this temporary outbreak, to which attention was directed, I had a fair opportunity to observe the doomed man—a burly, healthy-looking personage, with a not unhandsome face, clear



THE LYNCHING OF WILLIAM BARKER AT LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.—[FROM A MELAINOTYPE BY J. C. ELROD, OF LEXINGTON.]

eyes, hair of dark brown, so ruffled as to give it the appearance of curls, his neck bared, and the blood flowing in little drops from the scratches inflicted by officious hands; his collar parted and thrown back, by accident, assumed a very melodramatic air, and his perfect silence and composure of demeanor gave to him very much the appearance of a theatrical personage.

"But now a beam for use had been discovered, and was pushed out of the upper window of the court-house. At this moment, without any previous appearance of the clouds to indicate it, the rain began falling with considerable force. It was vain, however, to change the purpose of the multitude.

"I withdrew. I am told the rope was tied around his neck, and he was pushed from the window. The rope broke, and he fell a distance of twenty feet on the pavement. It is supposed, in pity, that his sufferings here terminated by death or insensibility. A stronger rope was procured and tied around his neck as he lay, and he was raised to a very moderate height, and left swinging from the beam.

"In the heart of this city, with all the business houses and sidewalks overlooking the scene, stands the court-house yard. The clouds have cleared away, the sun shines, the birds sing, but he is still hanging, with little boys gazing within two feet of his suspended body."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

HOW THE ENGLISH ARE GOING TO USE THEIR GOLD-MINES.

LETTERS have been received in this city from the Head Office of the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada, professing ignorance of the policy which the Company will adopt with regard to trade to Frazer's River, and referring persons who propose to send goods thither to the headquarters of the Company in London, England. Simultaneously, we have received a copy of Sir Edward B. Lytton's bill for the erection of the Hudson's Bay territory into a British colony, with a territorial government.

The general opinion of those who know the Hudson's Bay Company best, is, that the direction of that body will decide not to suffer promiscuous trade to Frazer's River, but will insist on the "letter of the bond," the full monopoly granted to the Company two centuries ago. It is supposed that this course will be adopted, on the ground that nothing could now save the Company from extinction, and that its best policy is evidently to make the most of its present opportunities. It is imagined that, under any circumstances, miners will flock to Frazer's River, and that, by holding the trade in its own hands, the Company may make an excellent thing by furnishing them with supplies at exorbitant prices.

This supposition may be erroneous. The Company may be inspired with a wise liberality, and may throw open the door to free immigration, and its natural consequence—free trade. But it is due to truth that it should be stated that, should the Hudson's Bay Company adopt this course, it will form a striking exception to the class of corporations of which it is a member. Of the chartered monopolies of olden time, it is safe to expect any thing but liberality and sagacity.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's bill states nothing positively with regard to the organization of the new territory, except that it is to be organized. The form and nature of the Government are left to the discretion of the Queen; that is to say, of the ministry for the time being. The ministry may establish a despotic government, in the shape of a Governor irresponsible to the people of the Territory; may, as used to be the Canadian practice, supply him with no other check than a Council appointed by himself; or may, according to the modern Canadian and Australian precedents, send out a Governor with a veto, but provide likewise for the election of a popular Legislature. We have no clew to the designs of the Derby administration in reference to the form of government to be conferred upon New Caledonia. The liberal tendency of British opinion would, however, justify a hope that the institutions of New Caledonia will approximate more closely to those of the territories of the United States than to those of the old British colonies. It must not be forgotten that no organizing act can go into effect until the Charter of the Company expires, which will be some months hence.

It is, to some degree, with this New Caledonia as with India—while British Boards of Direction and Houses of Parliament are fiddling, Lucknow is burning, and twenty thousand heavy-armed and light-conscienced miners are hurrying to the diggings. In the face of these twenty thousand, all the Acts of Parliament in the world, and all the votes of Directors, will not be worth a whiff of smoke. If the twenty thousand are impeded in their purpose, the taste of their quality they have given in California warrants the belief that they will override the impediment whatever it may be. One ship of war will not be enough to enforce the behests of Governor Douglas of Vancouver's Island. Nor would a dozen. Twenty thousand experienced Californian miners would require a regularly equipped army to keep them in check. And it will be of bad augury if the British authorities commence their administration of their new gold regions with a civil war. The only method by which the exceedingly dangerous class from which gold-seekers are recruited can be controlled, is by adopting rules of which they will admit the justice. If the authorities of Frazer's River tolerate trade under due pecuniary restrictions and conditions; if they levy a reasonable tax upon gold-digging; and if, these conditions accepted, they favor immigration and trade, all will go well. But if there be any serious attempt to repeat the absurdities perpetrated in Australia—and which led to the Ballarat riots—civilization may rue the Frazer's River discoveries, and England may have to mourn over the loss of a fine territory.

THE CANVASS IN ILLINOIS.

THERE can be no question but the pending canvass in Illinois is one of the most memorable contests which ever took place in the political history of the United States. There are, properly speaking, three parties in that State—the Republicans, whose candidate is Mr. Lincoln, the Douglas Democrats, represented by Judge Douglas himself, and the Administration party.

The latter is in a peculiar position. It will go into the fight—if it enter at all—on the mere ground of personal opposition to Mr. Douglas, in consequence of his disloyalty to the party on the Kansas question. On all other points it agrees with him. Its candidate (if it has one) will be driven—like Mr. Burke's colleague in the representation of Bristol—to content himself with assuring each audience that he says ditto to Mr. Douglas. For, though the Senator from Illinois opposed the English compromise, he is now content to stand or fall upon the issue raised by that measure. He does not propose to undo what has been done. No Democrat, however devotedly wedded to the Administration, could pursue a course different from that which he will pursue in the event of his re-election. For all this, if the Washington *Union* is to be regarded as authority, a third candidate for the Senatorial chair may be expected to run, on a pure and unadulterated Administration ticket.

Mr. Lincoln's ground is at all events clear and unequivocal. He is opposed to the introduction of new slave States. He is opposed to the decision in the Dred Scott case. He neither admits the right of new independent communities to prescribe their own institutions, nor acquiesces in the judgments of the highest judicial tribunal in the land. On these two points Judge Douglas takes issue with him. He will bow to the authority of the Supreme Court, whatever it may decide. And he will vote for the admission of a new State which complies with the constitutional requirements, though it sanction and establish slavery.

The contest will evidently be between these two; a third candidate, in the interest of the Administration, may receive the Post-office vote, but can not, either in defeat or in triumph, prove any thing. The question that will be decided by the issue of the Illinois contest will be, whether that State is for territorial sovereignty and the supremacy of the courts of highest jurisdiction, or not. As such, the canvass is worthy of the closest attention.

WHOM SHOULD WE MARRY?

RECENT cases give significance to this inquiry. A secretary of a foreign legation, a man apparently unexceptionable in point of means, calling, character, and, for the matter of that, rank likewise, falls in love with a banker's daughter, who reciprocates the attachment. The banker disapproves, and finding the lover in his house *incog.*, actually kicks him out; for which the secretary duly challenges him, and, being refused the pleasure of a fight, slaps him with his glove. Hereupon general commotion in the hooped world. Whether the banker should have fought, or the lady should have run away, or the lover should have resigned his hopes—are very momentous problems indeed.

But the affair is mild in comparison with others. A young lady in the South (the name is a household word now) meets a French adventurer and scoundrel, falls in love with him, and, though the scamp has a wife already, runs away with him, and is with infinite difficulty rescued from his clutches—a general conspiracy of Jerseymen, in which lawyers, doctors, hotel-keepers, and even policemen seem to have combined—contriving for a long time to baffle the indignant father and to hide the vile author of so much mischief. Again, in this same Jersey, an ardent lover, after being accepted by his lady-love's family, is discarded; with a true lover's constancy he contrives to meet his fair friend, carries her off to New York, marries her, and sends her back to her family; after which she makes a tour up the North River, and quietly marries some one else. Here, again, is tremendous perturbation in the matrimonial sphere.

It would be a great deal better, of course, if all American girls had at eighteen the knowledge of the world possessed by men of fifty. If this could be managed, there would be an end of the difficulty at once. If Miss Blount had possessed the experience of General Cass or Mayor Tiemann, she would have disposed of her French friend in remarkably quick time. If Miss Corcoran had been equally fortunate, her lover would not have been kicked, nor her father slapped in the face. But if no process has been invented by which experience can be pumped into the mind in a concentrated form, and no system devised by whose aid our young girls can be hot-pressed into mature sages, what are we to do then? An agitated community is earnestly demanding a formula for the prevention of insane attachments and foolish marriages.

It is very easy to say, as our French critics do, that our young ladies have too much liberty, and that we had far better lock 'em up in convents till a husband comes with a deed securing a dowry in one hand and a key in the other. And it is comfortably consoling to remark that, if fathers and brothers were not so totally engrossed in the purchase and sale of dry-goods and bacon, daughters and sisters would be better cared for, and less likely to go astray.

But in point of fact, is it true that young girls in this country enjoy so much undue liberty? Is it true that parents are so neglectful of them? Where is the family, in real life, whose unmarried female members lead the independent existence described by our French critics? Whose daughters go out of an evening with a latch-key? There may be here and there, in the large cities, young ladies who have emancipated themselves from parental control, and who take delight in overleaping conventional barriers; but are they not the town talk? How can they be the rule?

No doubt female education in the United States leaves much to be desired. No question but many boarding-schools realize the sentence in the liturgy, and leave undone the things which ought to be done, and do the things which ought not to be done. Clear as noonday that at such places some pupils learn what were best unlearned, and practice the same in after-life to their own sorrow and others' disgrace. But how infinitesimal a proportion this of our young girls! Is there one in a thousand of our young women who is—not uninstructed, that is of less moment, but—perverted by defective systems of education?

In fact, you may take up the supposed causes of female mishaps, one by one, and you shall find them all miserably inadequate to account for the effects. For if they did exercise the influence credited to them, it would be inexplicable that that influence should not be more widely felt. The young ladies who run away with foreign cavaliers are rare exceptions in the rank and file of the mothers of the next generation. That great community, our young girls, are far from being what they should be; there are many qualities which they lack, and for the want of which posterity will suffer; but the very notoriety of the occasional *faux pas* which do occur among them proves the soundness of the community as a whole, and ought to reassure those who imagine from recent scandals that society is on the verge of dissolution. Let the croakers say what they will, American girls will compare favorably with any in the world.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

A CORRESPONDENT requests us to inform him how to keep cool in the dog-days. Nothing is easier.

In the first place, dress with care. Wear flannel next the skin, both in order that the perspiration may be absorbed and put in a fair way of tranquil evaporation, and likewise in order to be presentable in society, which you will not be if your shirt looks as though it had just been "wrung out." Wear light clothing, linen or alpaca, or some one of the many gossamer stuffs which are made for summer wear. Be careful about the back of the neck. According to our present fashions, a man must wear about twenty folds of various kinds of stuffs on the back of his neck, in the shape of coat, vest, and shirt collars, and cravats. Curtail these as far as possible. In all tropical countries, men wear the neck bare, or protected by a single linen covering. The back of the neck, in a military sense, is the key to the body; better leave waistcoat, cravat, or tie and shirt collar at home than overload it with clothing.

Next, avoid mental irritation and muscular exertion, if you can. Anger is as heating as a blast furnace; every angry word is accompanied by a gush of perspiration. Nor is it necessary for the transaction of business that your movements should be violent or hurried. The men who do the most work move leisurely. Haste is not speed; nor shall you perform your work the faster for spasmodic action of the arms or legs. Do what you have to do steadily and perseveringly, but move no muscles but those whose motion is necessary.

It is a question whether the consumption of liquids is beneficial or injurious. On the one hand, it is certain that the introduction of liquids into the system promotes perspiration; but on the other, it seems equally certain that those who perspire the most suffer least from the heat. A few points may be laid down. The man who, on a hot day, yields to the thirst which heat creates, and drinks before noon, will be troubled with thirst till evening; while he who abstains from liquids till two o'clock will not need them at all. And it is, in any case, fatal to drink spirituous liquors. It is known that a habitual consumer of ardent spirits will be able to sit comfortably, in winter, in a room where a temperate man would almost freeze. For the same reason the habitual "drinker" of ardent spirits will suffer acutely from heat when the abstemious man will not feel any inconvenience. In hot weather, claret and water is the most intoxicating beverage which a man should venture to taste. He might as well spend an hour or two in a steamer's fire-room as taste brandy or whisky.

After all, the best preventive against suffering from excessive heat is constant occupation of the mind. People have an idea that heat is enervating. Yet almost all the great exploits of which mankind boast have been performed under a scorching sun; all the great battles have been fought in the dog-days; at no season has the human intellect been so vigorous as when the heat was fiercest. There is nothing enervating in heat to those who do not desire to be enervated. And the best of all ways to defy the sun's power is to devote one's mind with renewed energy to some particular pursuit. Ardent labor, and unremitting attention to one particular task, divert the mind from the minor concern of the temperature. The industrious man wonders, of an evening, when he hears that the weather has been oppressive. *He* has not suffered, because the subject never occurred to him. It is the idle and the thoughtless who are heard calling the oldest inhabitant to witness that there never was such weather before.

POST-OFFICE IRREGULARITIES.

WE heartily concur in the general credit that Postmaster Brown has earned by his vigilant discharge of the duties of his office. It is due to him to say that there never was a time when the mail service was generally in a higher state of efficiency. And we consider that we are aiding him in his work when we say that Harper's Magazines, mailed regularly from Philadelphia to the lower part of Delaware, for the past half year, have never reached their destination. Also that letters and papers mailed from this city to places on the Erie Road, within two hours of New York by rail, average forty-eight hours in reaching their destination. Any further information can be supplied if necessary.

RENEWAL OF THE TELEGRAPH EXPERIMENT.

THE *Agamemnon* has at last arrived at Queenstown; and, 2500 miles of cable remaining on board the two vessels, it has been resolved to renew the experiment. The enterprise is so noble, and its results, should it prove successful, will be so momentous to civilization and human progress, that criticism is almost disarmed. It is painful to write, painful to read any thing that may seem to censure individuals whose aims commend themselves to the most exalted praise, and whose work, when it is completed, will dwarf the most magnificent triumphs extant of human skill and ingenuity.

But, for the very reason that every body has the success of the telegraph so much at heart, it is most ardently to be hoped that the oversights which were partially the cause of the failure of the last, will not be repeated on the occasion of this present attempt to lay the cable.

It is due to truth that it should be stated that too much had been left to Providence, and too little provided for by man. Of the causes of the three breaks which took place in June, the public are ignorant. The cable gave way—that is all; there is no more to be said.

Fortune is said to favor the brave. Never had men a better claim to the goddess's aid than in this instance. But we are bound to say that, unless she bestir herself with more than common good-will, the Atlantic Telegraph may yet remain a remote possibility.

THE OBSERVATORY QUARREL.

WE are glad to hear that there is every prospect that Professor Mitchell, of Cincinnati, will be induced to accept the directorship of the Dudley Observatory. Without intending the least reflection on Dr. Gould, we have no hesitation in saying that Professor Mitchell at Albany would be the right man in the right place, and would undoubtedly do honor to himself and the country.

We notice that Dr. Gould's friends, who are all of them more or less connected with periodicals of one sort or another, are very severe on the Trustees, who, poor men, being bankers, merchants, lawyers, and so forth, have no press at their command. The industry with which Dr. Gould's sorrows are being bewailed is amazing. It may be doubted, however, whether this newspaper war on the Trustees will hurt them or benefit their rebellious subordinate. Certainly, if Dr. Gould may in any way be identified with the vulgar and senseless gabble which appears in the New York *Tribune* in his behalf, one can well understand the Trustees' anxiety to get rid of him.

THE LOUNGER.

NOBODY'S MURDERS.

THE railways are insatiable. It is not enough that the cars should be the most dusty, noisy, and wearisome of carriages—that the health of the traveling world should be destroyed by the quality of the "refreshments" provided at stated shanties on the road, and by the quantity of time allowed to consume them—that the companies should absorb so much of the savings of honest laborers all over the land, and never return a dollar in dividends—that the mercantile morality of the community should suffer such damage from stock speculations, and apparently respectable people come to shame by their inability to resist the temptations to swindle—all this is not enough, but every man who leaves the city by a train must cast a lingering look behind, in sober sadness doubting whether the chances of a safe arrival are not entirely against him.

The recent disaster upon the Erie Railroad has received very proper attention from the press; and it will very soon be time to organize vigilance committees for the protection of human life upon our railroads, by securing the prompt punishment of the persons directly and indirectly concerned. A train thunders along a down-grade around a curve above a precipice at the rate of forty miles an hour—a rail snaps—two cars are hurled off the track down the bank, and six or seven corpses and a score or so of maimed victims are taken from the ruins—the President or some other officer "hurries to the scene of the disaster"—an inquest is held—the officers of the road swear that it was in "good enough" condition—that the rate of speed was not unusual; that the same thing had been done a hundred times before safely; and as many other absurdities as occur to them—and a jury return, of course, that nobody is to blame. Nobody ever is. Boilers are bursting all over the country—railroad bridges breaking and rails snapping—human life is sadly and foolishly squandered—but nobody is to blame. Boilers burst themselves. Rails break themselves. And it may be questioned whether the consequent slaughter of men, women, and children is not really suicide.

Take the Erie case, and look at it a moment.

Suppose you can clearly free all the officers of the road from intentional guilt, and fix the fault upon the iron rail. There is no question that there was a flaw in the rail—that it was very poor iron. Now the makers of the rail, and the purchasers, should employ competent testers. Considering the immense consequences, when rail iron is proved defective, the name of the house from which it was purchased should be widely advertised. In the present instance we learn that it was an English house. Let the public know what house, that if it be dishonest in its work it may be stigmatized; and if honest, that it may suffer the consequences of an oversight or of incapable servants. The makers of the rail are first to blame in this case, and then the buyers. What right had the Erie Railroad Company to lay a defective rail? What guarantee have the public that every mile of road upon their track is not subject to the same accident?

But it is beyond doubt that around this unprotected curve the train was absolutely leaping along. Why do the people submit to railroad accidents? Why not send representatives who shall insist that no railroad charters shall be granted except upon certain conditions of construction? Thus every road should be carefully fenced along the whole route—where, upon high embankments, fences are impossible, there should be low walls, or the rate of speed diminished to an absolutely safe point—and after rails properly selected had been laid, the whole road should be garrisoned so amply that every inch should be inspected after the passage of every train by day and night.

Of course it would be expensive—what of that? Fewer railroads might be built—what of that? Every body knows that the first object of a projected railroad is not the advantage of any region of country, but of the stock-jobbers who originate the property and speculate in it. Here is this very Erie Road running a hopeless rivalry with the New York Central. Losing money, as it probably is, its object is to do its work in the cheapest way. It is even alleged that the office in town received a dispatch asking to have some one sent to the scene of the late accident empowered to settle the demands for broken legs, arms, and necks! Why not have this tariff made out in advance? The companies state upon their tickets how much value they hold themselves responsible for in loss of luggage, why not in loss of limb?

The coroner's jury return that nobody is guilty of this last sad massacre; but common sense and public opinion hold the makers of the iron, the buyers of it, and the officers of the railroad, morally responsible for the lost lives and the untold agony of many a household.

HOW ABOUT "THE VIRGINIANS?"

"MY DEAR LOUNGER,—How do you like 'The Virginians' *now?* *Isn't* it poor?—Your affectionate

"ADOLPHUS."

If there is any where in literature a more elaborate and exquisitely finished picture of English society of a century ago, or a more masterly representation of the characters which the author undertakes to draw, the Lounger confides to Adolphus that he does not know it. If Thackeray has ever drawn the fluctuating aspects of human nature—consistent only in inconsistency—more skillfully than in "The Virginians," the Lounger does not know the book in which it is done. If he has ever described any scenes more delightful for humor and naturalness than some between the Countess and Maria, where are they? If, in fact, the reader is not transferred to the century in which the story is laid—if he does not saunter at Tunbridge, and see all the high society—if he does not know more of that England than from all the histories and memoirs and letters—if Harry Warrington is not one of the most charming figures in fiction; so perfectly boyish, yet so quaint by distance and perspective (in that differing entirely from Clive Newcome)—why, then, the reader must have been concerned about a plot, or anxious to get on.

Now there is no particular plot, and we have certainly been at Tunbridge Wells for a long time. But nobody, with Thackeray's books behind him—that is, having read them—has a right to demand plots and gettings on of a new one. Thackeray describes life and daguerreotypes character. His interest is in the people and their play upon the events immediately around them—the course of their loves and of that of others for them—ditto their hates and jealousies and suspicions—but he gives no more plot than he finds. He has no idea of busying himself with planning surprises and wonderments for his readers. At Newport, or Saratoga, or Cape May, or the Berkeley Springs, where you are passing these lovely summer days, you watch that little Lucy and the great Lieutenant Bobadil who has fascinated her; or the dexterous old Matilda, who is entrapping the lawny young clergyman; you watch, and wonder how it will turn out. And precisely the same thing is what Thackeray enables us to do in "The Virginians."

If you are insatiate for plot and gettings on, read Bulwer and James. Don't abuse a tall gentleman of fifty or so, with white hair, that he's not twenty-two, five feet ten inches, and with a curling auburn pate. If you think he is so fierce and frivolous at the same time, read the last Number, and hear what he says for himself.

Dear Adolphus, the Lounger enjoys "Guy Mannering" as well as "The Bride of Lammermoor." People sniff at "St. Ronan's Well," but it is a very toothsome novel for all that. "The Virginians" is unfinished, as yet; but is it not the costume rather than the character which puts it out of your sympathy, so that you call it "poor?"

ROBERT BROWN.

Two months ago few readers of the Lounger, perhaps, could have answered him—certainly he could not have answered himself—if he had asked, Who is the greatest living botanist? The question is answered by the announcement of the recent death of Robert Brown, in London, on the 10th June, in his eighty-fifth year.

Robert Brown was the great botanist of this era—the friend of Humboldt, who called him the undoubted King of Botanists—of Humboldt, whose name was associated with Brown's by German gratitude, which, having published Brown's botanical writings, which had been fragmentary, desultory, and inaccessible, dedicated the five volumes to "Robert Brown and Alexander von Humboldt, the *dioscuri* of Botany." In the beginning of the century he was sent to Australia with the exploring expedition, and brought back four thousand plants, many of them new to science. In 1841 he received a pension of two hundred pounds from Sir Robert Peel. He shared with Humboldt the grandest faith of the scholar—the great moral result of education—that the Universe, as it came from one Divine source, is perfectly harmonious in every part—that the care which does not suffer a swallow to fall unheeded is the same which controls the stars in their courses—and that the laws of man himself are most intimately related with all the laws of nature in every department.

A quiet, retired man, he has lived through great events; through the careers of men renowned in history; and dies, at length, ripe in honor and wisdom.

"O tender Death! that coverest
The aged heads with honor white;
Thou givest glory to their rest,
That makes thy darkness bright."

AN IDLE WISH.

["I call it idle, Mr. Lounger; but is it not natural?—TIMOTHY TROUTLY."]

SINCEREST stream!
Couldst thou reflect as true
The spirit's evanescent hue;
On thy bank would I build my bower,
And only know the changing hour
By thy changed gleam.

Then thou shouldst be—
More than my friends have been—
The mirror of each mental mien;
And in thy azure, thoughts unsung,
Too delicate to trust the tongue,
Would smile at me.

The dryads rare,
Whose faces haunt me still,
In noon-rapt glade, on wind-swept hill,
No longer from my eyes would shrink,
But, as I leaned above the brink,
Be fashioned fair.

And chaste Dian,
Who scorned my eager quest,
When hound-like eyes toward her press'd;
Would show her cool, unvailed face,
Superb with sympathetic grace,
Nor flying man.

The naiads white,
With lily-coronals,
O'ershadowed by the waterfalls—
As they smile faintly through my mind,
Would exquisitely be defined
In thy pure light.

O happy sky!
That in thy wave may see
Its humor limned perfectly;
Teach me how in thy glass, sweet stream,
My vaguest, cloud-like thought and dream
I may descry.

THE HONORABLE LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Is honor the peculiar quality of bullies, blacklegs, and sharpers? Drunken gentlemen in barrooms wax very solicitous about their honor. "Affairs of honor" between gentlemen who empty glasses of wine in each other's faces, or who quarrel about a lady of "honor," are not altogether unknown. Honorable gentlemen in Congress have bristled frightfully during the recent session, by reason of invaded honor. Like the elaborate heel popularly attributed to the African race, this honor seems to protrude just at the point where it is infallibly sure to be trodden upon. Mr. Somebody, of some legation, thinks his honor requires him to defy to mortal combat a gentleman who, finding Mr. Somebody secreted under the piano in his drawing-room, generously kicks him into the street without examining his pockets. What was he doing in the dark under the piano? What is this "honor," that does not prevent a man from secretly entering the house of a gentleman who has forbidden the entrance?

It seems that this honor has a dignity which may not be generally known. A representative in Congress who challenged another during the late session has made a speech since his return to his constituents. Of course, as his chief act during his congressional career had been sending a challenge, which, equally of course, was arranged by honorable friends, without pinking or winging or dropping, he spoke eloquently, as a statesman should, of that performance. He declared that he challenged not because he wished to fight, but to "bring on an honorable settlement!"

"Congress has its rules and customs," says the Hon. Lucius O'Trigger; and I say to you, that "a man who takes a public, unprovoked insult without resenting it as a man of honor, might as well go home." * * "Do you wish to be represented by a man whom even the boys in the street would hiss as dishonored?"

However, Mr. O'Trigger says, cheerfully, "The code of honor is not such a bad thing, after all!" Because a man can wash out in blood the dire insult of having a booby or a bully call him a liar? No, no; spare the heroics. Because, as the Hon. Lucius most comfortingly adds, "*These gentlemen* (not the bellicose principals) talked the matter over and came to a decision. *No muskets at ten paces ever were mentioned, for it never came to that pass.*" "In Washington a man must adopt this course to protect himself from insult and disgrace."

That is to say, when Smith calls Jones an ass, Jones must challenge Smith, and then resign the affair into the hands of Thompson and Jenkins, who will arrange it without allusions to ball-cartridges. If this is Washington honor, it is a pretty poor article. The only excuse at all for the silly crime of dueling is, that a man is put in bodily danger, which gives the performance a complexion of brave exposure. But Washington honor, it seems, is compatible with a mortal challenge, which is understood by all parties to mean an amicable arrangement.

All the Sir Lucius O'Triggers, the world over, always leave character, which is the only substance of true honor, out of their calculations. The Lounger will suppose a case for the edification of the honorable member who says that "a man who takes a public, unprovoked insult without resenting it as a man of honor, might as well go home. He has influence no longer."

Let us take one of the Senators from this State, Mr. Seward, and suppose any other Senator so far to forget himself as to interrupt him and call him, in a public and unprovoked manner, a liar. Mr. Seward pauses, and resumes: "My character for veracity is not dependent upon the opinion of the Senator. It is known to my friends and the country. It can not possibly be affected by any thing the Senator may choose to say. He knows perfectly well that I state in this debate what I believe to be true," and then passes to his argument. Does Sir Lucius think he might as well go home—that he will have no farther influence?

Take it the other way. The lie is given. Senator Seward finishes his speech, and at its close sends a challenge to the offending Senator. They steal out privately next morning to Bladensburg, and the telegraph informs the evening papers that "Senator Seward was killed this morning in a duel with Senator ——."

If a Senator holds his honor at the mercy of every man who chooses to prove that he is no gentleman by insulting him, he certainly "might as well go home."

MORAL DUTIES TO PRIZE-FIGHTING.

IT is an occasion of public congratulation to know that arrangements have been made, after a great deal of trouble, for a prize-fight within three months between two distinguished gentlemen of the bloody nose. For this interesting intelligence we are indebted to the leading New York papers, which are nervously sensitive to the duty of supplying the public with the news. But we reiterate our demand of some months since. If it be the proper business of newspapers to give prominent publicity to such facts—to contemplated crimes of the most beastly and disgusting kind—it is no less their duty to furnish intelligence of the opening of new and beautiful groggeries, and worse resorts, which are the especial haunts of prize-fighters and the friends and spectators of prize-fights. A newspaper will often be inflexible, upon principle, in not giving an editorial notice to an innocent and instructive performance which is advertised in its columns, but seems to find no principle interfere with the conspicuous announcement of a performance which is not only not advertised, but criminal, and of not the slightest possible public interest, being one of those facts which, when they come to a man's knowledge, he ought simply to report to the police.

Gentlemen of the bloody nose pant for notoriety. They are important only as they are notorious. Is it enjoined by that vast moral obligation of telling the public the news, which rests upon all journals, that they should help that notoriety?

WANTED—A WIFE.

AN enterprising gentleman in Philadelphia, who has doubtlessly attentively studied the newspapers and the current romances of Corcoran and Riviere, has determined that all other young ladies and gentlemen shall have an opportunity to secure the matrimonial felicity so conspicuously displayed in those pleasant little histories, and has therefore established "The United States Matrimonial Agency."

The advantages of such an institution are so apparent that a conscientious Lounger, to whom the wedded happiness of his fair readers is precious, can not refrain from mentioning them, especially as so many tender hearts all over the land are fluttering with sympathy and excitement by reason of the cases just cited.

It is clear that all young men of desirable characters, and persons, and property, who respect themselves and the other sex, and who know that the happiness of marriage depends upon an intimate acquaintance of the connubial "parties," will take care to enroll their names and prospects at once in the books of the Matrimonial Agency. On the other hand, it is perfectly clear that adventurers, sharpers, black-legs, and bullies, who have property and principle in equal proportions, who are looking out to entrap weak and sentimental girls, will never enter their names upon those books—will never represent themselves as calm young clergymen, with large fortunes and good tempers, seeking lovely and amiable partners for life.

A marriage is evidently an affair to be managed by agents and brokers; and in a world like ours, where duplicity and baseness are unknown, the Lounger knows no institution more likely to secure domestic felicity than a matrimonial agency. The agent himself could, of course, never be induced to become an accomplice in deceiving and insnaring the unwary. His object is not to make the most money he can in any way, but to promote the wedded happiness of his fellow-creatures.

In fact, if any innocent youth or maiden, remote from towns and ignorant of the ways of the world, wishes to make sure of a married life as enviable and satisfactory as Miss Blount would have enjoyed in a union with the interesting and handsome De Riviere, let him or her lose no time, but open a correspondence at once with "The United States Matrimonial Agency."

THE FEAST OF TOADS.

IT appears by the public papers that the guests and summer residents at Nahant are enjoying the delicious dish above named in perfection. The mouths of outsiders fairly water as they read of the lickersome morsels served up on that happy peninsula. Our New England friends betray a positive passion for the luxury; and every man in the land who is fond of good living will read with sympathy and delight in a Boston paper the following artless paragraph. It does not state, however, with sufficient distinctness, whether the toads are to be classed as "mere sensuous joys," or are to rank as "a high intellectual entertainment." But all kinds of confusion of style must be forgiven to the rhapsodies of an enthusiastic gourmand.

"One of those elegant assemblies for which the Nahant House is famous occurred on Thursday evening. The occasion was of marked and refined enjoyment to all present. The families resident in the cottages on the peninsula generally participated in the choice pleasures imparted by the proceedings, which, in addition to mere sensuous joys, largely partook of the lustre of a high intellectual entertainment. We can not forbear referring to the unassuming manners of Lord Napier; the facile bruskness of Lord Ribblesdale, the queenly appearance of Mrs. Duncan, of New Orleans, and her namesake of Providence, with the Sigourneys of New York, who were the 'observed of all observers.'"

That is what may be called swallowing the toad whole. The island of Manhattan patiently waits its turn, and humbly hopes to enjoy the "facile bruskness of Lord Ribblesdale" in due time, although only at the second table. It has not altogether forgotten the facile bruskness of the Marquis of Waterford, who honored the knockers and lamps of the quiet citizens several years ago, and is anxious to compare the qualities. Such a charming introduction of the young nobleman will be of the highest service to him in his American career.

It will be of immense interest to the public mind at this moment to state that H. R. H. Prince Alfred has lately been in Ireland, and that upon a certain excursion "recrossing the lake to Dinis his Royal Highness hooked a fine salmon which, in his great anxiety to capture, we regret to say, he lost, although the royal angler evinced great judgment and dexterity in playing the noble fish." The proof of the royal dexterity apparently being, that the fish escaped.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"RAVENSCROFT, *Georgia*, 1858.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I hope you will gratify a little feminine curiosity, and give me a hint in your corner of the *Weekly* as to the authorship of some little poetical gems that have made their appearance in your dear, delightful paper. I mean 'Night Thoughts,' 'Before the Betrothal,' and 'Anchored.'

"My little sister, Lily Raven, declares that 'Anchored' is as full of poetic imagery as some of Tennyson's graphic word-painting, and that 'Night Thoughts' and 'Before the Betrothal' are only comparable to that touching little 'Love Song' of George Darley's you gave us in a late number.

"There is quite a sensation at Ravenscroft every week upon the arrival of the *Weekly*, from the little wee Raven just beginning to chirp, who stretches her little hands for the pictures, to the Rev. Croak Raven himself, who unfolds it before he looks at his 'Religious Intelligencer' or 'Missionary Journal;' all enjoy its charming variety.

"Please gratify the Mother Eve's spirit of

"Your respectful admirer and constant reader,

"RUTH RAVEN."

—How can the charming Miss Ruth force the Lounger into so ungracious a position? Has he not often said, what he must now repeat, that the names of authors of anonymous articles are peculiarly the property and the secret of the authors?

—A WASHINGTON CITY YOUNGSTER, WHOSE NAME IS F. R * * * *, sends a solution of the puzzle of the Napoleon plant. Let him mind his grammar—not saying "I have drawed"—and write again.

THE LATE GENERAL QUITMAN.

MANY a reader will recognize the features of the brave old filibuster chief in the portrait which we give on this page. Few men in the country are better known or more esteemed than the gallant veteran who has just yielded his spirit to his Creator.

John A. Quitman was a New Yorker by birth, having first seen the light on 1st December, 1799, at Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, in this State. His father was one of those hard-working, painstaking, country clergymen of whom the type is daily growing rarer. He was the pastor of two churches, and the spiritual teacher of a population scattered over many a mile of sparsely settled country. He intended his son for the Church, and educated him to take his place. But the young man's nature was better adapted for another sphere of usefulness; after completing his collegiate course, he resolved to study law, and, the requisite knowledge acquired, set off to seek his fortune in the West.

For a time he figured as law-student and lawyer at Chilicothe, Ohio. Departing thence in the common conveyance of the time—a flat-boat—he sailed down the Mississippi to Natchez, where he found a field for the exercise of his industry. Mr. Griffith, a prominent lawyer of that place, took him into partnership, and he soon after formed a union of a more abiding nature with the niece of the Chancellor of the State—Miss Eliza Turner. This marriage domiciled him as a citizen of Mississippi.

Four years spent in the practice of his profession, and in the careful fulfillment of duties as a representative in the State Assembly, young Quitman, at the age of twenty-nine, was appointed by the governor Chancellor of the State. The selection was subsequently ratified by the verdict of the people; who, following the example of the Legislature, elected him to the same office when it was made elective. He was subsequently chosen State Senator, and President of the Senate. During his tenure of this post the death of the governor imposed on him the gubernatorial function; he availed himself of it to embody, in his Message of 1836, the States Rights doctrines which have since become so popular at the South. Judge Quitman's Message is still quoted as high authority on the States Rights doctrine.

His reputation as a man of bravery and military aptitude had grown up together with his renown as a lawyer. Shortly after his settlement at Natchez, he found the administration of justice completely nullified by the riotous insubordination of a body of ruffians who would suffer no writs to be served upon them, and no property of theirs to be seized by the officers of the law. The State authorities were too weak to cope with these lawless descendants of the Regulators. Young Quitman resolved to supply the deficiency. He organized a volunteer military company called the Natchez Fencibles, and gave battle to the rioters wherever they could be found. At first the latter made a show of resistance, but they soon repented their temerity, and after a few severe beatings, left the State. The corps was led by Mr. Quitman.

Public attention thus directed to him, when the Texan war broke out and the South was all ablaze with sympathy for General Houston and his brave followers, Mr. Quitman was offered the command of the volunteer regiment which was raised at Natchez. His position as President of the Senate rendered it difficult for him to accept the call; but his military ardor overcame the obstacle, and he set out. As is known, the Mexicans were beaten before he joined General Houston, and, after a toilsome march of thirty days, he returned home.

For several years after this, Mr. Quitman's duties were civil and unobtrusive. He continued the practice of law at Natchez, and took an active part in the advancement of various plans of public improvement in his State. He went to England as agent of the Mississippi Railway. He rendered himself unpopular by becoming the champion of measures which, had they been adopted, would have rescued the State from the disgrace of repudiation. He was offered, but declined, the office of State Judge of the Court of Errors and Appeals: his practice was large and lucrative, and he had the sagacity to perceive that a public man, to be useful and independent, must possess a competency.

When the Mexican war broke out, Mr. Quitman was naturally the man of all others to whom the volunteers of Mississippi looked for leadership. He was one of the first prominent Southern men who tendered their services to the Government; and the President had the sagacity to select him for a Brigadier-Generalship. With surprising rapidity he set his brigade in motion, and, by forced marches, contrived to join General Taylor the day before the attack on Monterey was made. He was assigned a prominent command, and, as all who have read the history of that fearful exploit will remember, he disputed with the gallant Worth the palm of successful bravery in the assault on the place. He was, in fact, the first man within the city, and by the skillful handling of his men contributed almost as much as Worth to the triumph of General Taylor's army.

Some time he then spent in the tedious work of drilling his raw force; then, having succeeded to the sole command of the volunteers, he was drafted to the army of the South, which, under General Scott, was commencing its march against the city of Mexico. He took a prominent part in all the military operations of the advance from Vera Cruz, signalizing himself every where by bravery and military skill. Perhaps the most pleasing anecdote of this part of his career is his refusal at Puebla to exhibit the brevet of Major-General which he had just received, and which would have enabled him to take the command out of the hands of General Worth, who had borne the heat and burden of the attack. For just such an act of courtesy to the late General Havelock, General Outram enjoys the gratitude and respect of the civilized world.

As at Monterey, General Quitman was the first to enter the city of Mexico in the great night-assault on that place. Between one and two in the morning, he scaled the wall at the Garita of Belen, and waved a handkerchief tied to a rifle to Worth's division, which was still some hundred yards distant. It is said that on that occasion an aid-de-camp of the General-in-Chief rode up to him and was met by the anxious inquiry:

"What orders from head-quarters?"

"The General will not embarrass you by any orders."

If the story be true, it reflects credit on both parties,

Another anecdote which illustrates General Quitman's freedom from sectional feeling, and forms a bright contrast to too many incidents in the course of the war, is told by Lieutenant Lovell. When the army marched into the Gran Plaza of Mexico, General Quitman directed him to have the colors placed on the flag-staff over the palace, and added, to the chagrin, perhaps, of some around him,

"Let it be our national colors, the stars and stripes—not the particular colors of any regiment."

After the capture of the city, General Quitman was appointed Military Governor. Great credit is allowed him by all writers for the judgment and vigor he displayed in this capacity.

Since his return home, General Quitman has figured prominently as a politiciax and member of Congress, and as a filibuster chief. In 1850 he was elected Governor of his State. In 1855, and again in 1857, he was elected to Congress without opposition. Speaker Banks appointed him chairman of the Military Committee of the House of Representatives—a post in which he was retained by Speaker Orr. His large experience probably fitted him better for the office than any other member of the body.

General Quitman's career as a filibuster may be very briefly described. When, some years ago, the insane tyranny of the Cuban authorities provoked resentment among the Creole population of the island, and the people of our Southern States were prepared to aid their efforts to conquer their independence, General Quitman was selected to take the supreme command of the filibusters. He accepted the trust, and freely gave counsels and money to the promoters of the scheme. Circumstances prevented the realization of the designs of the "Cuban junta;" and the only results of the conspiracy to General Quitman were a considerable waste of time and money and several vexatious arrests by United States officials.

General Quitman died on 17th instant, at his residence near Natchez, Mississippi, of disease contracted at the National Hotel during the epidemic which prevailed there just before the last Presidential inauguration.

He was a man of tall stature and commanding presence. His temper was genial, his mind clear, and, though he was no orator, his speeches were always terse and effective. In politics he was a States Rights Democrat, and a firm believer in the institution of slavery; but no slave himself to party, and no friend to that Southern faction which seeks to maintain itself by assaults on other sections of the Confederacy. Personally, he was universally esteemed and loved as a good, honorable, and generous man.

It only remains that we should express our obligations to Mr. John S. Thrasher, who was an intimate friend of General Quitman, and who has kindly supplied a portion of the material for the above sketch.

THE LATE GENERAL JOHN A. QUITMAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE ACCIDENT ON THE ERIE ROAD.

ON Thursday night, the 15th instant, occurred, near Shin Hollow, and 81½ miles from New York, the most terrible disaster that has ever happened on the Erie Railroad. Our artist visited the scene of the calamity on the day following, and has furnished the sketches on the opposite page.

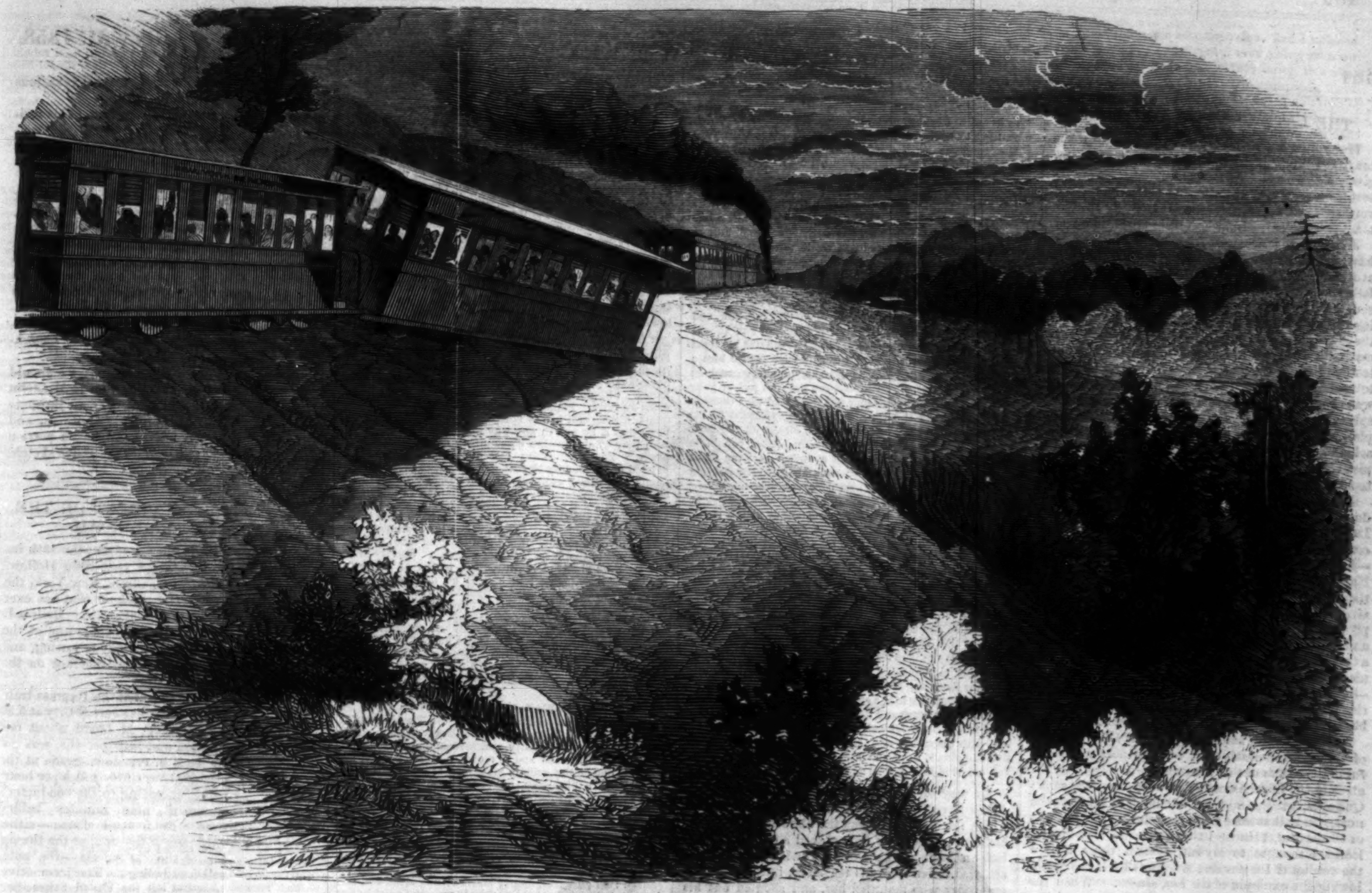
It appears that the Express train West, which left Jersey City at 5.30 P.M., having on board about one hundred and fifty persons, was going on a heavy down-grade at the rate of about thirty miles per hour, being, according to the conductor's statement, nine minutes behind time. From some cause—either weakness of the iron, or the thumping of the car-wheels—the outer rail was broken. The locomotive, baggage-car, and the first three passenger-cars were drawn over in safety. By this time, however, it is supposed, the broken end of the rail was pointing outward so far that, there being nothing on the other side to keep the trucks on the track (the flanges of the truck-wheels being inside), the last two cars slid off the rails, and were dragged a distance of fifty feet over the sleepers; when the connecting link between them and the forward cars was broken, and the two cars at once rolled down the embankment, which has in that place a perpendicular depth of twenty-five feet, the slope making the distance from top to bottom about forty feet.

The investigation before the coroner's jury elicited these statements: That the track had been examined by the properly-appointed person since the passage of the previous train, which was a freight train; that the speed of the train was about thirty miles per hour, and not unusual for that part of the road; that the breaks in the rail—there were seven pieces—were fresh; and that the train was stopped as soon as possible after the first jerk gave notice of something wrong. On the other hand, it is stated that the portion of the road on which the accident occurred, being a down-grade with curves, requires more than usual care in running over it; that the repairing force on that part of the road has been lately reduced; that the quality of rail laid upon it, instead of being the best, was defective; and that the rate at which the train was going was remarked upon by the passengers as unusually great.

The verdict of the jury exculpates the Company and its employés from blame.

It appears that the first intimation of danger was a sudden jerk. Hereupon the brakes were whistled down. The three foremost cars were already past the broken rail. The last two slid off, and were dragged some fifty feet over the sleepers, when, with a second heavier jerk, the coupling broke, and they were both thrown over the embankment. The rear car turned two or three times completely over, while the other made but one turn and a half, remaining bottom up. The last car was torn to fragments, one of the heavy iron trucks passing through the bottom and crushing to death several of those within. All the deaths occurred in this car, while in this, as well as the other, a large number were seriously injured. A number had their limbs broken, and were pierced by splinters and fragments of the wreck. Six persons were found to have been killed, viz., three men, one woman (colored), and two children. Fifty-four persons were wounded, of whom fifteen sustained severe injuries, from which several have since died.

The sensations of many of those in the wrecked cars were most singular. Mr. A. Hoguet found himself lying on his chest with arms stretched out, as though swimming. He describes his sensations as similar to those of a drowning person. A singular prank was played with his clothing. A hole



THE ERIE RAILROAD ACCIDENT—THE CARS GOING OFF THE TRACK.

was torn in his linen duster a foot and a half across. This became smaller in an alpaca coat, a vest and a shirt, until in a thick flannel under-shirt it was not over an inch across, and the skin was only grazed. Had that blow reached an inch further it would have broken the spine. A young lady had the gaiter entirely stripped off one foot without being injured. Another lady felt the fall, but remembers nothing until all was over, when she found that all her under-clothing had been torn off, though her dress was left. She was severely bruised.

A party of deaf mutes, under the care of Professor Peet, of the New York Asylum, furnished some interesting particulars. Professor Peet, who was in the hindmost car, says: "The first appre-

THE SCENE AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

hension I had of danger was a sudden jump, as if we were going over a log; then the car seemed to take a diagonal course, and then we began rolling down precipitately. My only sensation was that of extreme peril. I felt that we were going to the most certain destruction, but I offered up a prayer that we might be saved, if possible. The next thing I knew I was seated on the top of the wreck at the bottom of the embankment. Looking up, I saw my wife [a deaf and dumb lady] seated some steps above me. She looked perfectly wild, distracted; she was not conscious of any thing. I went up to her, and after a little procured a recognition of consciousness from her. She had been asleep, and awoke only at the termination of the catastrophe."

Mrs. Peet wrote: "I remember being conscious of a strange, harsh motion of the cars, but it seemed as though I must be dreaming, and so, instead of striving to arouse myself to consciousness, I merely put out my hand to feel that the child was quiet, when there came a crash, and I knew nothing more until I opened my eyes and found that I was on the ground, and that some one was supporting me. The first sight that I remember of being conscious of was the hands of some person saying in the mute language, 'The baby is safe—your husband is safe;' but even then I could not realize what had passed, and felt as though I were waking from some horrid nightmare, until, after being placed in the car, I looked through the window and saw strange forms gliding through the darkness, and the dead body of a man which was being borne past. Then I was impressed with the fearful reality, and again became unconscious, or nearly so, until we reached this place."

Miss Joanna Christy, daughter of the author of "Cotton is King," and also of Professor Peet's party, explained in most expressive sign language that every thing seemed to be a wheel, and she was its axis; every thing was revolving about her, and she was stationary. She sprang up as soon as the rest of the wheel was stationary, and saw Mrs. Peet; took hold of her and thought she was dead, as she made no motion at all. She had no thought of death or of consequences while she was the centre of this revolution.

Mrs. F. Leavens, who was much bruised, says: "I was dozing, and I was dreaming of being on the cars, and all at once I felt the jolt and jar, but was not alarmed, because I thought it was all a dream. And I thought to myself, I shall think it is a dream until I feel a crash. Next I felt the crash. Rolling over benumbed my senses. When the crash was over I found myself lying on one side, with my face and side buried in the dirt, and the top of the car over me, pressing on my head; persons walking over me would press it down on my head; and I told them to be careful, and then I heard a voice saying, 'Be patient, I will get you out soon.' Then I became insensible. The next I recollect I was out and sitting on the bank, and I told them to see to others that were more injured than I: I heard them groaning and crying around me."

LITERARY.

PROFESSOR AYTOUN is not in all respects an editor to our minds, especially as regards his appreciation of poetry; nevertheless he has done an excellent work in his BALLADS OF SCOTLAND, published in Edinburgh by Blackwood. In these volumes he has diligently collected a large number of ballads, of more or less merit and value, forming altogether a very unique and interesting museum of curiosities of ballad literature. The lover of Scotch song will not be the only one to prize the book. Many English favorites are here—traced, indeed, generally to Scotch origin. Many of our most familiar and best loved songs are here in their original dress. Such, for example, as

ANNIE LAURIE.

"Maxwelton banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true.
Made up the promise true,
And ne'er forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

"She's backit like a peacock,
She's breastit like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel may span.
Her waist ye weel may span,
She has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die."

And here is a specimen of one of the most beautiful of ballads, "Helen of Kirkconnell," of whom the story is that she saved her lover's life at the sacrifice of her own:

"O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll weave a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I dee!

* * * * *

"O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
Were I with thee I would be blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

"I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn o'er my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirkconnell lee."

Routledge & Co. have published, in England, THE MODERN ART OF TAMING WILD HORSES, By J. S. Rarey. This is, we believe, a little book printed and published some time since in Ohio, of which Mr. Rarey's great success abroad has induced the republication. It is not his whole secret, but is doubtless the substance of it. In this book he lays down the rule that a horse must be treated kindly and intelligently; if afraid of an object, must be taught, gently, that it is harmless; must be handled quietly; and, in short, must be managed by the law of superior wisdom and kindness.

Here is a very sensible direction, to say the least of it, for saddling a colt:

"The first thing will be to tie each stirrup-strap into a loose knot to make them short, and prevent the stirrups from flying about and hitting him. Then double up the skirts, and take the saddle under your right arm, so as not to frighten him with it as you approach. When you get to him, rub him gently a few times with your hand, and then raise the saddle very slowly, until he can see it, and smell and feel it with his nose. Then let the skirt loose, and rub it very gently against his neck the way the hair lies, letting him hear the rattle of the skirts as he feels them against him; each time getting a little farther backward, and finally slip it over his shoulders on his back. Shake it a little with your hand, and in less than five minutes you can rattle it about over his back as much as you please, and pull it off and throw it on again, without his paying much attention to it. As soon as you have accustomed him to the saddle, fasten the girth. Be careful how you do this. It often frightens the colt when he feels the girth binding him, and making the saddle fit tight on his back. You should bring up the girth very gently, and not draw it too tight at first, just enough to hold the saddle on. Move him a little, and then girth him as tight as you choose, and he will not mind it. You should see that the pad of your saddle is all right before you put it on, and that there is nothing to make it hurt him, or feel unpleasant to his back. It should not have any loose straps on the back part of it, to flap about and scare him. After you have saddled him in this way, take a switch in your right hand to tap him up with, and walk about in the stable a few times with your right arm over your saddle, taking hold of the reins on each side of his neck with your right and left hands, thus marching him about in the stable until you teach him the use of the bridle, and can turn him about in any direction, and stop him by a gentle pull of the rein. Always caress him, and loose the reins a little every time you stop him. You should always be alone, and have your colt in some light stable or shed, the first time you ride him; the loft should be high, so that you can sit on his back without endangering your head. You can teach him more in two hours' time in a stable of this kind than you could in two weeks in the common way of breaking colts, out in an open place. If you follow my course of treatment you need not run any risk, nor have any trouble in riding the worst kind of horse. You take him a step at a time, until you get up a mutual confidence and trust between yourself and horse. First teach him to lead and stand hitched; next acquaint him with the saddle and the use of the bit; and then all that remains is to get on him without scaring him, and you can ride him as well as any horse."

By way of illustrating a remark that Bedouin Arabs have frequently a secret word or sign by which the owner extracts the utmost speed out of his mare, Mr. Rarey tells a good story of one Jabal, an Arab, whose mare, the swiftest on the desert, was stolen from his tent-door, in the night, by an enemy who mounted her, and shouted out his name as he rode away:

"Poor Jabal, when he heard the words, rushed out of the tent and gave the alarm; then mounting his brother's mare, accompanied by some of his tribe, he pursued the robber for four hours. The brother's mare was of the same stock as Jabal's, but was not equal to her; nevertheless he outstripped those of all the other pursuers, and was even on the point of overtaking the robber, when Jabal shouted to him, 'Pinch her right ear and give her a touch of the heel.' Gafar did so, and away went the mare like lightning, speedily rendering further pursuit hopeless. The *pinch in the ear* and the *touch with the heel* were the secret signs by which Jabal had been used to urge his mare to her utmost speed. Jabal's companions were amazed and indignant at his strange conduct. 'Oh thou father of a jackass!' they cried, 'thou has enabled the thief to rob thee of thy jewel!' But he silenced their upbraidings by saying, 'I would rather lose her than sully her reputation. Would you have me suffer it to be said among the tribes that another mare had proved fleeter than mine? I have at least this comfort left me, that I can say she never met with her match.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LATEST NEWS FROM UTAH.

DISPATCHES from Utah to the 25th of June, received at the War Department, state that orders have been issued that no one should leave the ranks of the army in passing through Salt Lake City, except from absolute necessity, and the greatest care was to be taken that the herds did not trespass upon the fields of the citizens.

Among the documents received is Governor Cumming's pardon and peace proclamation to the inhabitants of Utah.

An officer of the army, writing from Washington Territory relative to Colonel Steptoe's defeat, says the route eastward and northward of Colville is now virtually blockaded; that no one can cross Snake River, and that it will require a force ten times as large as is now there before peace can be restored.

THE APPROACHING ELECTION IN KANSAS.

The Kansas *Herald* says that General Calhoun has issued certificates of election to all those elected under the Lecompton Constitution. The Free State members from Leavenworth County receive certificates, which gives that party a majority in both branches of the Legislature. The returns for State officers will be made to the Legislature, in whose hands the whole subject rests. The *Herald* exhorts the people to vote for the ordinance, and settle the question without further strife and agitation.

POSSIBLE TROUBLE ON FRAZER'S RIVER.

The Washington correspondent of the *Herald* telegraphs: "Our Government begins to realize the importance of questions, heretofore thought but little of, relating to the rights and claims of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Pacific side of the continent. Unless a wise and liberal policy be pursued by the British with regard to miners in the Frazer River country, there may be collisions that would lead to international difficulties. The American miners will soon learn, if they have not already, that neither Governor Douglas nor the Hudson's Bay Company have any authority over mines on this continent. The colonial Governor of Vancouver's Island (Douglas) has no authority beyond what his commission confers. He has no right of jurisdiction, and has never claimed it before, over the main land or any other territory than Vancouver's Island, in the capacity of Governor, and except as chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Neither the Company nor he, as its chief factor, have any right under their charter except the right or privilege of trading with the Indians. They have no possessory right over the mines, or approaches to mines, and therefore the imposition of taxes or license fees by either Governor Douglas or the Company is a usurpation of authority. All mines belong to the crown of England; but it has been decided by British authorities in Australia that 'placers' are not mines; in the meaning of the enactment ceding all mines to the crown, that gold-washing and working for gold on the surface is not mining."

RETALIATION IN TEXAS.

The Legislature of Texas, at its last session, passed the following Act:

"Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Texas, That the following sums be, and they are hereby appropriated for the use and support of the State Penitentiary for the years 1858 and 1859." After naming the various items, the law makes this further provision: "For purchasing and putting up additional machinery, $18,000—Provided, *That no part of the same shall be expended in the State of Massachusetts, nor for machinery manufactured in said State.*"

MORE PHOTOGRAPHIC MARVELS.

Speaking of the photographic copy of the Declaration of Independence taken upon a surface no larger than a pin's head, which may now be seen in Salem, and can be read with a powerful microscope, the Salem *Gazette* says: "When such success in reducing the size of documents and likenesses has been attained by the photographic art, it is easy to imagine what might be accomplished in time of war by the use of the microscope. The most important official document could be contained in an ordinary vest button, and worn with impunity by a spy in an enemy's camp, or by a traitor eager to injure an active army of his own country."

HOW PERJURERS ARE TREATED IN NEW ORLEANS.

A New Orleans correspondent of the Mobile *Mercury*, alluding to the late trial of Harby for killing Stone, the seducer of his daughter, thus speaks of the witnesses who swore that she was of easy virtue: "Those unprincipled men who bore false witness against Miss Caroline Harby, are, by this time, able to appreciate the text to its fullest extent. Our merchants and business men have taken the punishment of their crime into their own hands. Simmons and Maurer were clerks at a cotton-press up town. Simmons was to have been given an interest, but several banks notified the proprietors of the press that if he was in any way interested in their business they would decline discounting any more of their paper. The commission merchants who had cotton pressed and stored by the concern, also sent them a notification that they would do no more business with them as long as Simmons and Maurer remained in their employ. Simmons has been unanimously expelled from his Lodge by the Odd Fellows, and both have been ignominiously turned out of houses where they formerly visited as favored guests. Ring is a married man, and his wife is one of the finest ladies of our city. Shortly after the trial, he signified his intention to her of going to Bladon Springs. She told him to go and never come back, as she never would live with him again. He is a cotton-weigher and sampler by profession, but henceforth will have to follow some other calling, as all his customers have notified him that they will not patronize him any more; and it is also hinted that he will be expelled from all connection with the Masons. Thus you see that, although these fellows could not be reached by the laws, they have been punished as severely as if they had been."

A RUNAWAY SHAKER COUPLE.

A Troy paper has the following: "On Tuesday night there arrived in town, from the Shaker settlement at Niskayuna, a young, pretty, and modest demoiselle, with blooming red cheeks and a monster straw bonnet, reminding one of the artistic magazine representation of Cupid with a night-cap, or Venus wearing spectacles. Her skirts were innocent of hoops, and her waist unspanned with corset bands. The 'improvements' of modern fashion had not reached her rural home, and she was as primitive and simple in her appearance as any consistent follower of Ann Lee should be. But her visits during the evening to various dry-goods stores, in quest of mysterious skeletons, charming taffetas, showy stellas, rich guipures, dainty lace, rustling silks, and soft velvets, induced a suspicion that there was 'a cat in the meal' somewhere, and, by a possibility, Ann the Prophetess was to lose a fair disciple. Yet the little Shakeress wisely kept her own counsel, and said not.

"Yesterday, however, a ruddy, fair-visaged young man, in home-spun blue, made his appearance in town, and forthwith instituted a vigorous siege upon sundry merchant tailor shops, hat stores, and the like—appearing, in course of time, a new man. We have no disposition to follow the matter further. The finale of a subject so mysterious in its inception was last evening intrusted to a popular clergyman, who soon finished it up in a manner quite prevalent in the outer world, but hardly recognized among the 'verity, verity' order of the faithful. We hope the two whose fates have thus been united may never have occasion to repent their abandonment of the 'peaceful community;' although the sudden transmogrification of a sombre, quiet Shaker miss into a full-hooped, fashionably-attired belle is a very dangerous experiment in this hot weather."

A QUEER WIDOW STORY.

The correspondent of an Albany paper says:

"Speaking of steamers reminds me of a little gossip that is in circulation 'in private circles.' It is said that one of our most noted steamship men is shortly to take a new partner. The gallant commodore is a widower—the lady is neither maiden, wife, nor widow—being just now in a chrysalis state. She waits only the dull, tedious process of the law to cast off the iron chain that binds her before she will put on the golden livery of a more congenial master.

"Rumor has it that the lady was on with a new love before she was off with the old, and that the new love has so arranged matters that the liege lord consents to part with his better-half—ostensibly because Sarah Jane can be more happy with another than she will be with him. As an earnest of his devotion, 'the another' has given to Sarah Jane the title-deeds to property in town worth $20,000, and also the fee-simple of a princely country seat in Westchester county, together with all and singular the hereditaments and things thereunto appertaining."

CURTAIN QUARRELS.

The Hartford *Free Press* gives the following synopsis of a case which occurred at Bristol Connecticut:

"A man—call him Smith—went to bed, and wanted his bedroom door left open. His wife thought the weather cool enough to shut it. She went to bed an hour after, but before the dispute was settled he pinched her. They both went to sleep, and the next day she went home to her father. She complained to the grand jury, and Smith was fined six dollars and costs. Smith appealed to the Superior Court. His defense was, that she threw her leg this way and hit a boil from which he was suffering, and that he merely struck out to save himself. Two lawyers on each side were engaged.

A MODEL LETTER.

A returned Californian recently told us an amusing story of letter-writing. He said many of the miners are very illiterate, and to write a letter is quite a formidable task. On one occasion a young man, in crossing a mountain, had become lost and perished in the snow. The cayota, an animal of that vicinity, attacked the body, and, when found, the head had entirely been eaten off. A friend of the young man, who knew his family, was told by the other miners that it was his duty to write to the father of the deceased an account of his death. After some objections for want of practice in such undertakings, he concluded to devote the next afternoon to it. At night he produced his letter, saying he had done the best he could, and thought it told the story. His letter was as follows:

"DEAR MAJOR,—The kiotas heve eat your son's head off. Yours, HENRY BOOCHER."

A PRESENTATION JOKE.

A popular actor of Philadelphia went to Cape May a few days since. He accidentally left his watch on the dressing-table. A friend going to the Cape took it down. In conjunction with a few others, he got up a complimentary presentation. A presentation speech was made, and the reply was gratefully eloquent. A feast followed, after which, on going to his room, he opened the case which inclosed the watch, and found it to be the one he left at home!

CLERGYMEN IN A BALL-ROOM.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Press and Tribune*, writing from Atlanta, Logan County, Illinois, thus describes the singular termination of the Fourth of July ball in that town: "It appears that the managers, several days since, sent special invitations to the ministers of the various churches in town to attend the dance, thinking to have a good laugh to themselves over it; but, to the surprise of those present, after the ball had got under full headway, four of the aforesaid ministers made their appearance in the hall, and soon were mingling with the by-standers. The 'set' being through, the announcement was made that the ministers having been solicited to attend, desired that a portion of the time should be set apart for them, which was acceded to. Then commenced the *religious exercises of the ball!* One preached, another prayed, and another struck up a good old hymn; when the dancers, seeing what turn matters were likely to take, ordered the musicians to proceed, and began the dance again, leaving the ministers to do their own singing, and make their exit the best way they could."

PERSONAL.

The Paris correspondent of the *National Era*, writing on the 24th of June, says: "Mr. Pickens, our new Minister to Russia, is still here, making purchases for his house at St. Petersburg, for which place he expects to leave in the course of six or eight days. General Dodge and family will soon be here, on their way home. Mrs. Dodge, who has greatly suffered from the effects of the bad climate of Spain, will spend a few weeks at some watering-place, to recruit her health before sailing for the United States. R. D. Owen is also expected here; his family proposes sailing direct from Naples.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* understands that Colonel Thomas L. Kane will, when the proper opportunity affords, state his case to the people, and show that he did not go to Utah without full authority, and also that the American army could never have entered Salt Lake City without his previous efforts in favor of peace.

It is also asserted here, in military circles, that General Johnston, Commander-in-Chief of the American force in Utah, is considerably under a cloud. What are the causes, I do not know. I think it will turn out that this officer is made, or will be made, the victim of certain desperate intriguers. They have nothing to do, I trust, with politics, inasmuch as the gallant gentleman is a Democrat of the first water.

A letter from Rome of 26th June, to the London *Post*, says: "Yesterday morning a secret consistory was held at the Vatican, in which his Holiness, after haranguing the assembled cardinals, announced an addition to their number in the person of Monsignor Rodrigues, patriarch of Lisbon. The Pope likewise created another cardinal, but reserved the name of the prelate *in petto*. Among the ecclesiastical promotions which followed was that of Dr. O'Regan, from the see of Chicago, in Illinois, to the bishopric of Dor or Dora, *in partibus infidelium*."

General Tottleben arrived on the 29th of June at Liege, from Brussels, accompanied by Baron de Velho, Russian chargé d'affaires at Brussels, and General de Lannoy, aid-de-camp of the King and Inspector-General of Fortifications. The party immediately proceeded to the royal cannon foundery, where they were received by Colonel Frederix, the director, and with whom they visited the establishment in all its details. On leaving the foundery, General Tottenben went to the establishment at Séraing, and returned to Liege in the evening.

A monument to the Hon. Preston S. Brooks has just been completed in Charleston, and is to be erected in Edgefield. It is an obelisk, fourteen feet high from the pediment, and five feet square at the base. Near the top or point of the obelisk is a neatly designed arabesque, and below, in the centre and front side of the monument, is the coat of arms of the State of South Carolina, elaborately worked and carved by an artist of great skill. Below this, and on the die of the obelisk, is an ivy wreath, in bold relief, encircling the inscription.

The Turkish Admiral left the United States disappointed in his calculations, as he himself stated to a member of the Cabinet. His Government had been induced to believe, by the representations of Mr. John P. Brown, American Dragoman at Constantinople, that the United States would contract for the building of a ship-of-war for the Turkish Navy. These representations, alone, brought him to our shores, and great was his disappointment when undeceived by Secretary Toucey. The Turks will hardly be able to understand how it is that an American official could be so ignorant of the policy and operations of his own Government.

Captain Seth M. Barton, of the United States Infantry, has been tried by a Court-martial at San Antonio, Texas, for ordering Joseph Heid, a citizen, not attached to the army, or subject to military duty, to be tied up and flogged with wagon whips, by the United States soldiers. It was alleged that the officer kept Heid tied up three hours, and also struck a private to compel him to flog Heid. The accused plead guilty to all the charges except the last. The Court-martial confirmed his plea of guilty, but "attached no criminality to the act." They also found him guilty of the last charge, and sentenced Captain Barton to be "suspended for three months from his command, and confined to the limits of his post for that period." The War Department very properly rebuked the Court-martial for such an outrageous finding.

The Cincinnati *Times* says: Major General Lytle, commander of the First Division of Ohio Militia, and late candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, was arrested last night and placed in the Bremen Street lock-up, on the charge of disorderly conduct. The General's version is that he was mistaken for another general, and was grossly assaulted and abused, until he found it necessary to resist the insult. At a late hour in the night he was released, after depositing $20—the usual sum in such cases—as bail.

A correspondent in the Crescent City writes as follows: "Here is something I saw myself. A few days since a verdant youth with his blushing bride arrived at one of the principal hotels in this city. The head of the family immediately registered his name as S. B. Jones and lady, Alabama, on a *bridle tower*." Is not this a new way to inform the public you are in the hymeneal halter?"

The editor of the Peoria *Transcript* (Illinois) says: "We are assured by a gentleman who has recently returned from New York, where he saw Captain De Rivière, the impudent and indefatigable foreigner of large pretensions, who has lately distinguished himself by running away from Mobile with the wife and daughter of a wealthy lawyer, that he is the identical Señor Don Pedro P. L. De Moreto, who turned the heads of all the Chicago belles a year ago, bought a thousand-dollar horse with borrowed money, got up a magnificent excursion to Hyde Park, which was patronized by the wives of a distinguished Senator and a well-known Chicago lawyer, and finally becoming suspected, vamoosed for parts unknown, leaving behind a large number of anxious creditors, several broken-hearted young misses with mortified and disappointed mammas, an astonished city, half a dozen happy local newspaper reporters, and two trunks filled with dirty linen and cravats."

The Halifax *Sun* tells the following story: "Mrs. M'Aulay, a Philadelphia lady, and one of the passengers detained in this city by the mishap of the steamer *City of Baltimore*, paid a visit to her Majesty's steamer *Styx*, on Friday last, and demanded to see the commander of that now somewhat celebrated cruiser. The story goes that the lady was very politely received, and ushered into the presence of the officer in command, where a long interview took place, doubtless of high import to the interest of the two great nations represented on this occasion. We understand that the spirit of the lady's visit was of a decidedly national character, with the view of overhauling the gallant naval officer for numerous flagrant outrages committed on American bunting. The particular style in which our heroine conducted this retributive visit we are not positively prepared to describe—our reporter not having been present, unfortunately. It may have been that it were far better for the commander had he been exposed to a broadside from one of Brother Jonathan's steam-frigates; or it may have been that gentle woman's beseeching and persuasive eloquence elicited the promise that he would 'never do such naughty things again.' We incline, however, to the latter supposition; but, in either case, with such champions as the lady of our story, Jonathan will always be sure to vanquish Britain's naval heroes; he will gain more victories, we think, with the weaker vessels than with the stronger. Mrs. M'Aulay is the widow of the late United States Consul at Cairo, in Egypt, and is said to be well known in political circles in Washington."

Dr. Samuel F. Green returned in the steamer last week from India, after an absence of eleven years, during which time he has been connected with missions and engaged in the establishment of a school for the instruction of

natives in medicine, and in the preparation of books in the same language, on medical subjects.

A full account of the burial of Mitchell on the summit of Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina (the highest point of land in the United States east of the Rock Mountains), is given in the Raleigh *Register*. Dr. Mitchell lost his life, it will be recollected, while engaged in measuring and surveying the mountain on which his remains now repose. The funeral was attended by the most distinguished men in the State, and the ceremonies were very impressive.

The Richmond (Virginia) *Dispatch* says of Mr. G. P. R. James, that he will soon leave for the Consul-Generalship at Odessa. This event causes sincere regret among the many warm friends and admirers of that gentleman in the city and State. The *Dispatch* says during his residence he has made himself more than acceptable to the people.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, whose singular peregrinations in barbarous regions have long occupied the public, has just found a pillow in the hospital of Hamburg, where Dr. Tungel is treating her for chronic ague, caught at Madagascar.

M'Henry, who was lately tried on the supposition of being the notorious Townsend, is married to a farmer's daughter at Merrittsville, Canada. Strange to say, the fair one was a sweet-heart, once, of the veritable murderer Townsend.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THE House of Commons has passed the Government of India Bill, Lord Palmerston being left in a minority of fifty. Lord Malmesbury announced in the House of Lords that the British cruisers would be immediately withdrawn from the Cuban waters, but that the blockade of the African coast would be continued. In the House of Lords the Jews' Bill has passed, an amendment having been agreed to, which prevents Jews from exercising ecclesiastical patronage, or advising her Majesty upon ecclesiastical appointments.

THE DISPUTE WITH THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Butt moved a resolution declaring it expedient to discontinue the practice of authorizing men-of-war to visit and search vessels under foreign flags with the view of suppressing the slave-trade. He contended that England ought to abandon her futile efforts on the coast of Africa.

Mr. Milner Gibson seconded the motion.

Mr. Cardwell denied that England had been unsuccessful, and declared that an abandonment of her efforts to suppress the slave-trade would establish a universal system of piracy on the African coast. He then urged the continuance of the blockading squadron there.

Mr. Fitzgerald, on the part of the Government, agreed with the remarks of Mr. Cardwell, and said the Government had proposed to France the establishment of a commission on the spot to inquire into the free labor system lately established. With regard to America, he had the satisfaction of stating that the late difficulties had been swept away. Lord Napier had sent home a dispatch by the *Europa* to the effect that Mr. Cass had told him that the course taken by the British Ministry was worthy of a great country; and he (Cass) had assured Lord Napier that after the satisfactory declarations of the British Government, the American Government would at once give the most earnest consideration to any proposals that might be suggested to them for the verification of the nationality of vessels, and their right to bear the flag they assumed.

FAILURE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—RETURN OF THE NIAGARA.

The *Niagara* and *Gorgon*, attached to the squadron for the laying of the Transatlantic cable, arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, on 5th July. The *Agamemnon* and her tender the *Valorous*, and the *Niagara* and her tender the *Gorgon*, sailed from Plymouth on the 10th of June, each of the great vessels carrying about 1500 miles of cable. After having been three days at sea the expedition was overtaken by a fearful gale, which continued without intermission for nine days. On the seventh day of this heavy weather the ships, which continued to keep together, had to part company, and the *Agamemnon* was obliged to scud before the wind for thirty-six hours; her coals got adrift, and a coil of the cable shifted, so that her captain for some time entertained serious apprehensions for her safety, and, from the immense strain, her water-ways were forced open, and one of her ports was broken. Two of her sailors were severely injured, and one of the marines lost his reason from fright. The *Niagara* rode out the storm gallantly, having only carried away her jib-boom and one wing of the figure-head, the great American eagle.

THE ATTEMPTS AND THE ACCIDENT.

All the vessels having at length arrived at their central point of junction, the first splice of the cable was made on the 26th. After having paid out two and a half miles each, owing to an accident on board the *Niagara*, the cable parted. The ships having again met, the splice was made good, and they commenced to give out the cable a second time; but after they had each paid out about forty miles it was reported that the current was broken, and no communication could be made between the ships. Unfortunately, in this instance, the breakage must have occurred at the bottom, as the electricians, from the fine calculations which their sensitive instruments allow them to make, were able to declare such to have been the fact, even before the vessels came together again. Having cast off this loss, they met for the third time, and recovered the connection of the cable on the 28th. They then started afresh, and the *Niagara* having paid out over one hundred and fifty miles of cable, all on board entertained the most sanguine anticipations of success, when the fatal announcement was made upon Tuesday, the 29th, at 9 P.M., that the electric current had ceased to flow. As soon as the necessity of abandoning the project for the present was now only too manifest, it was considered that the opportunity might as well be availed of to test the strength of the cable. Accordingly, this immense vessel, with all her stores, etc., was allowed to swing to the cable, and in addition, a strain of four tons was placed upon the breaks, yet, although it was blowing fresh at the time, the cable held her as fast as if she had been at anchor for over an hour, when a heavy pitch of the sea snapped the rope, and the *Niagara* bore away for Queenstown. Before starting, an arrangement was made that should any accident occur in giving out the cable before the ships should have gone one hundred miles, they should return to their starting place in mid ocean; but that in case that distance should have been exceeded before any casualty should happen, they should make for Queenstown. In accordance with this understanding, the *Niagara* having made one hundred and nine miles before the mishap, returned to Queenstown. She must have passed the *Agamemnon*, but owing to the heavy fogs which prevailed for the greater portion of that time she missed seeing or gaining any tidings of her.

RETURN OF THE "AGAMEMNON."

The *Agamemnon* and *Valorous* arrived at Queenstown on the 12th instant. The final break in the Atlantic telegraph cable was below the stern of the *Agamemnon*, after one hundred and forty-six miles had been paid out of that vessel. The *Agamemnon* then returned to the rendezvous in mid-ocean, and cruised there five days in anticipation of meeting the *Niagara*. On the *Agamemnon* arriving at Queenstown it was resolved to coal and start again for a final attempt to lay the cable, on Saturday, the 17th instant, there still being, on both ships, twenty-five hundred miles of the cable left.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S PLAN WITH REGARD TO FRAZER'S RIVER.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's dispatch to Governor Douglas of Vancouver's Island has been published. In it we find the following:

"Her Majesty's Government are anxious to impress on you, that while her Majesty's Government are determined on preserving the rights both of government and of commerce, which belong to this country, and while they have it in contemplation to furnish you with such a force as they may be able to dispatch for your assistance and support in the preservation of law and order, it is no part of their policy to exclude Americans and other foreigners from the gold-fields. On the contrary, you are distinctly instructed to oppose no obstacle whatever to their resort thither for the purpose of digging in those fields, so long as they submit themselves, in common with the subjects of her Majesty, to the recognition of her authority, and conform to such rules of police as you may have thought proper to establish. The national right to navigate Frazer's River is of course a separate question, and one which her Majesty's Government must reserve. Under the circumstances of so large an immigration of Americans into English territory, I need hardly impress upon you the importance of caution and delicacy in dealing with those manifold cases of international relationship and feeling which are certain to arise, and which, but for the exercise of temper and discretion, might easily lead to serious complications between two neighboring and powerful States."

THE BILL FOR THE ORGANIZATION OF NEW CALEDONIA.

Sir Bulwer Lytton's new bill for the organization of the Government of the Northwest Territories of British America under a Governor and Council has been published. The present designation of these territories—New Caledonia—is to be continued, and they are to embrace all the country bounded to the south by the frontier of the United States, to the east by the water-shed between the streams that flow into the Pacific ocean and those which flow into the Atlantic and icy oceans, to the north by the 55th parallel of latitude, and to the west by the Pacific, including Queen Charlotte's Island, and all adjacent islands, except Vancouver's. The last named island may be included at any future time, on an address being presented for the purpose by its local Legislature.

END OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

At the 4th July dinner in London, Mr. Dallas made a speech in which he said: "They had recently had some little difficulties on the American coasts and in the West India seas, and one of the Militiamen of the United States diplomacy had recently been charged with the negotiation of those difficulties. That was a point essentially connected with the fundamental principles of the American Revolution—the maintenance by a great people of the independence of their flag. (Cheers.) He would not go into the arguments on the question, which had been argued and reargued, but he looked on the 4th of July as an appropriate day to announce to his countrymen that the claim of visit and search of vessels sailing under the American flag on the high seas in time of peace had been frankly and finally ended. (Loud cheers.) While he was able to announce that gratifying fact, he thought it might be accompanied by the assurance that the termination of this question, for which they had struggled for nearly half a century, had been brought about with a degree of honorable and fair feeling on the part of the English Government, and with a full acknowledgment of that feeling on the part of the Government of the United States.

RAREY'S SECRET OUT.

A London correspondent says: "Mr. Rarey's career has unexpectedly been stopped. He has cleared some £15,000 to £20,000 by his horse-taming secret, when suddenly a cheap publisher got hold of a pamphlet published by the horse-tamer in America, and printed it. It contains in a small compass all the art of horse-taming; and the subscribers, who had bound themselves not to divulge the secret under a penalty of £500, became furious, and Mr. Rarey had to release them from their pledge in a letter in to-day's *Times*. Of course his profits will be now reduced to a minimum, since every subscriber is henceforth at liberty to practice upon wild horses publicly, and to communicate his knowledge to whomsoever he pleases."

MR. MORPHY IN ENGLAND.

A statement is going the round of the newspapers, credited to the London *Times*, but for which that newspaper is not responsible, with reference to Mr. Paul Morphy, the American chess champion, who is now in England, in which that gentleman is represented as visiting the St. George's club in London, *incog.*, and beating Staunton, the great English player, after the latter had cleared the board of the pieces, and was about retiring in disgust at meeting with so poor a player. It is evident to the merest tyro in chess that this story is made out of whole cloth, for, apart from the impossibility of any person visiting the St. George's club unintroduced, Mr. Staunton has played chess too much not to know when he was nearly checkmated. As yet but little authentic information has reached this side of the Atlantic with reference to the movements of Mr. Morphy. It is known that he was regularly introduced to the members of the St. George club, and had engaged in a contest with Mr. Barnes, a very fine player, and had beaten him handsomely. He has also promised to participate in the great Birmingham Chess Congress, which will be attended by the chief magnates of Europe. He will, no doubt, give a good account of himself.

A PLAIN-SPOKEN EPITAPH.

A remarkably out-spoken one, from a monument in Horsleydown Church, in Cumberland, runs as follows: "Here lie the bodies of Thomas Bond and Mary his wife. She was temperate, chaste, and charitable; but she was proud, peevish, and passionate. She was an affectionate wife and tender mother; but her husband and child, whom she loved, seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown, while she received visitors whom she despised with an endearing smile. Her behavior was discreet toward strangers, but imprudent in her family. Abroad her conduct was influenced by good breeding, but at home by ill temper." And so the epitaph runs on to considerable length, acknowledging the good qualities of the poor woman, but killing each by setting against it some peculiarly unamiable trait.

PRINCE ALFRED NEARLY DROWNED.

A short time since, as Prince Alfred, who possesses a small pleasure-boat, was out a little way off Alverbank, he fell overboard, and, not without much difficulty, made his way to the shore. The first exclamation uttered by his Royal Highness is said to have been, "Oh, my watch!" believing it lost. He, however, greatly to his satisfaction, discovered it in his pocket, and handed it to those who were foremost in coming to his aid. The watch is said to be a present from his royal mother, and hence the very natural anxiety which he evinced.

ROYALTY'S SHOES.

We read in an exchange: "Many of our fashionable ladies here dress as if they were never to go out except to tread on carpets of velvet. We can imagine with what a shrug of aristocratic disdain many of these must read the account of the bridal outfit of the Princess Royal. Among the items particularly striking take the following:

"'Twelve dozen pairs of boots, of useful and solid make; some of them, intended for rough walking, being provided with treble soles, and small but projecting nails.'

"Only think of some of our 'paper-soled,' delicate-footed damsels sporting, by way of novelty, hob-nailed, triple-soled shoes!"

DEATH FROM A BITE OF A RAT.

At a recent trial of dogs in a rattery, one of the rats escaped the farrier, and got below a chair upon which one of the fancy happened to be at the time sitting. The man, wishing to expose the rat to the dog, put down his hand; the animal, however, taking offense at the liberty used, bit his thumb. Thinking the matter slight, that the bite was a simple scratch, he allowed it to go on for a few days unnoticed, till dangerous symptoms appearing he became alarmed, and was obliged to go into the hospital, where, mortification having ensued, the man in a short time after died perfectly insane.

FRANCE.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

The report that the Queen of England is coming to Cherbourg in August is confirmed in the following terms by the *Journal du Havre*: "The Emperor, it is said, has written from Plombières to Queen Victoria to invite her Majesty to attend the *fêtes* at Cherbourg; and it is affirmed that the Queen has replied by telegraph that her Majesty accepts the invitation, and will be at Cherbourg on the 7th August, accompanied by Prince Albert and the Earl of Malmesbury, Minister of Foreign Affairs. This news, of which we can guarantee the *bona fide* character, proves that the understanding between France and England, if it were ever shaken, is at present as intimate as ever." The news is now almost universally accepted as true.

STRANGERS IN PARIS.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "Paris was never so devoid of visitors at this period of the year as at present. English and Americans seem entirely to have bid it farewell. Furnished apartments may be had at very low prices; indeed, there is no demand whatever for them. The hotels look dreary and forsaken, and the Louvre has not one-third of its complement. The Emperor left St. Cloud yesterday morning for Plombières. Previous to his departure the Prince and Princess Youssoupoff had an audience to take leave. This is the Russian pair that was sent over from Russia to astonish the weak minds of Paris by an expenditure of almost fabulous character. Their success has been of the most complete description. The splendor and magnificence of the Russian prince and princess has been in every one's mouth throughout the whole of their sojourn in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Such liveries have scarcely been seen out of the palace of kings. Day after day, night after night, have the splendid *salons* of their magnificent hotel been adorned with all the rank, fashion, and wealth of all parties of the French. It was there alone that the stern legitimists could once more be seen disporting in the light; it was only there that they would consent to brush shoulders with the parvenus the last sixty years have thrown to the surface; and it was there only that a common tone of sympathy was found in the half-suppressed mutter of jealousy and hatred which all felt against *la perfide Albion*. The sentiment of good-will between France and Russia was never stronger than now. The visit of the Emperor and Empress to Cherbourg is to be celebrated with extraordinary magnificence. Every vessel of the squadron in the roadstead is each to fire three broadsides; and, in addition, all the forts which surround the entrance, to the number of as many as eighteen, are being armed with cannon, to fire three times also. The Emperor will be accompanied from Cherbourg to Brest by three ships of the line, which will return the salutes. Altogether the thunder from gunpowder bids fair to be truly formidable."

HOW THE EMPEROR SPENDS HIS TIME.

"The Emperor," says a letter from Plombières, "enjoys excellent health, and every morning and evening, whatever may be the state of the weather, takes a long walk. In the middle of the day his Majesty transacts business, and every afternoon receives dispatches and official documents from Paris. His Majesty is better lodged than last year, and the town altogether is improved. A good many French and foreign visitors have arrived."

LOVE AND LAW.

A curious trial is about to commence in the French courts, which will be of some interest to the English public. The collateral heirs of Prince Charles de Rohan are about to plead against his widow and the child with whom she was pregnant at the time of her husband's death. The plea set up by the family is the great age of the Prince at the time of the marriage, and the "undue captation" used by the family to insure his affections. The adverse plea maintains that the age of the Prince having been but sixty-seven, no undue "captation" was necessary, and that the marriage was fully justified by the great beauty and amiable character of the young lady—an English girl of the highest respectability and unimpeachable conduct, daughter of W. Thomson, Esq., formerly of Smyrna.

GERMANY.

DEATH OF A LADY FROM GLANDERS.

The awful death of Madame Palesikoff, one of the most charming among all that bevy of charming Russian ladies who sometimes gladden the winters of Paris, has created a terrible shock among the circles she so lately embellished by her presence. The unhappy lady left Paris but a short time ago on a summer tour to Germany. While stepping from the door of the Opera House, at Berlin, to gain her carriage, she let fall one of her bracelets close to the pavement. Stooping to pick it up, she noticed at the time, laughingly, that "one of the horses belonging to a carriage standing at hand had dropped his head so close to her face that he had touched her, and left a moist kiss upon her cheek." In a few days the unfortunate lady was taken ill with that most horrible disease, glanders, and in a few days more, breathed her last, in spite of the attendance of the first physicians of Berlin, and every resource to be obtained by wealth or by the ceaseless vigilance of friends.

A CURIOUS STIPULATION IN A MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

Mademoiselle Odette Lafitte, daughter of the wealthy banker, M. Charles Lafitte, is about to marry a no less wealthy banker of Frankfort, M. Erlanger. The fair Parisienne insisted that in the Córbeille should be placed a document, signed by her intended, according her a sojourn of three months of every year in Paris, with a sum sufficiently large to defray the expenses of such visits.

A NEW MODE OF DISINHERITING ONE'S SON.

A few days ago a Baron Silberstein died at Vienna, and after his death no money was found in the house, although he had always passed for a wealthy man. Inquiries were made by his heir, and, on its being discovered that a banker had paid into his hands the sum of 170,000 florins but a few days before his death, his valet was arrested by the police on suspicion of having made away with the money. As the man said that his master left his bed a couple of days before he died in order to burn some papers, the stove in the bedroom was searched. Nothing but the remains of documents were found, and the servant was kept in custody, until it occurred to some one that it might be as well to examine the other stoves. The examination was made, and the numerous remains of bank-notes of 1000 florins each proved the innocence of the valet and the destructiveness of his master. The Baron, who was divorced from his wife, often expressed doubts about the legitimacy of his only son; and, in order that he should profit as little as possible by his death, he burned bank-notes of the value of 162,000 florins ($81,000). When the door of the stove was open, the word "thousand" was distinctly visible on many of the consumed notes, which naturally fell to pieces when touched.

ITALY.

A DEAD CITY.

A recent American traveler, when in Venice, expressed a curiosity to know how the remarkable palaces of that city were built, and on what foundation they stood. When told that they stood on piles, he desired to see the pile-driver. "There is a model of it in the Doge's Palace somewhere," replied the guide, "but it has not been used, for we have had no house built in Venice *for three hundred years!*" Making due allowance for the guide's accuracy of computation, the anecdote will serve to show the stagnant, Dead-Sea aspect of many Eastern countries whose exploits history has emblazoned.

AFRICA.

DISCOVERY OF A RELIC OF MUNGO PARK.

A relic of Mungo Park's travels in Africa has been discovered by Lieutenant Glover, of Baikie's West Coast expedition. The incident is thus related by the Cape *Literary Magazine*:

"Lieutenant Glover, one of the officers under the command of Captain Baikie, has stumbled upon a valuable relic of Mungo Park, and has of course secured it. Passing through a native village near the scene of Park's melancholy death, an old man accosted the lieutenant, and showed him a book which had for years been in his possession. It was a volume of logarithms, with Mungo Park's name and autographic notes and memorandum. The possessor offered it to Mr. Glover for 200,000 cowries. Inestimable as the prize was, the price demanded was enormous, and it was impossible to pay it. After some consideration, the lieutenant took from his pocket a clasp knife, and asked the native what he thought of that. This was too tempting a bait to be refused, the native joyfully took the knife, and the lieutenant still more joyfully secured his valuable memento of the distinguished African traveler."

DR. LIVINGSTONE AT THE CAPE.

Dr. Livingstone has been entertained at a dinner at the Cape of Good Hope. In his speech on that occasion, he thus spoke of the labors he is about to undertake:

"The central part of the continent which we now stand upon was supposed for a long time to be a great sandy plain. Certain rivers were known to be flowing toward the centre, but they were not known further, and they were supposed in consequence to become lost. But, instead of that, the grand view burst gradually on my mind of a very fine well-watered country; and not only that, but of certain well-watered healthy localities on both sides of the country, which were suitable for a European residence. When I passed into that country, I had not the slightest idea that there was such a want of cotton as I found to be the case when I went home to England. But there I saw the cotton growing wild and almost every where, and that sugar was collected all over the country (although the people did not know that it could be produced from the sugar-cane), and I found, further, that this was a great market for labor. When I lived at Kolobeng, men left their tribe, and I found some of them within 200 miles of Cape Town, seeking to obtain work. Now here we have the produce and here we have the labor, and I hope we may secure a healthy standing point, from which Europeans may push their missionary enterprise to the unhealthy regions beyond. We proceed, first of all, up the River Zambesi, and have the full authority of the Portuguese for so doing. This river is very large; it is difficult to convey to the people of such a dry country as this an idea of its size, but the narrowest part that I saw seemed almost to be equal to the Thames at London Bridge. It was not known to be a large river, on account of its being separated into five or six branches at its mouth, before it reaches the sea. But, when we get inland, we have a noble stream, and we have at least 250 miles of the stream without a single obstruction. Then we come into a large coal-field, and this seems to contain the elements of future civilization. And what I hope to effect is this: I don't hope to send down cargoes of cotton and sugar—perhaps this result will not be in my lifetime. But I hope we shall make a beginning, and get in the thin end of the wedge, and that we shall open up a pathway into the interior of the country, and by getting right into the centre have a speedy passage by an open pathway, working from the centre out toward the sides."

ARABIA.

MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS.

On the 15th of June the Mohammedans in Jeddah rose and massacred the Christians. Among the victims are the English and French Consuls; also the wife of the latter and over twenty others. The Consulates were plundered. The British steamer *Cyclops* had rescued twenty-six Christians, and taken them to Suez. No Christians remained in the place. Two boats from the *Cyclops* had to fire on the Mohammedans, who attempted to intercept the retreat of the Christians from the town.

INDIA.

NENA SAHIB AND HIS FAMILY.

We continue to give extracts from the letters of Mr. Russell to the London *Times*: "Nena Sahib, who is represented as being much embarrassed by the women of his Zenana, is said to have taken a good start for the Terai—one of his wives presented him with an infant at Shahjehanpore.

HOW BEARERS OF FALSE NEWS ARE PUNISHED.

"A man came in from Bareilly with news respecting the enemy. He was asked if there was any force at Fureedpore. 'There is not so much as a fly there,' quoth he. 'Are you sure?' 'Yes. If I tell a lie, and you find a man there, hang me.' Just at this moment in enters another spy from Fureedpore itself. He reports the presence of 1000 cavalry and four guns in the place. The spies were confronted. 'Oh,' said the first, 'I was not at Fureedpore. In coming from Bareilly I passed round it, but I heard from a man that I knew that there was not a soul in the place.' His punishment was gentle, but immediate. As his information had been given extra officially, he was merely taught a lesson not to give statements in future about things he did not know. He was seized at once, a barber was sent for, his mustaches and eyebrows were shaved off, and his head divested of every hair, even of the sacred lock which he wore as a high-caste Hindoo, after which he received a taste of bamboo on the back, and was sent ignominiously out of camp.

ONSLAUGHT OF MUSSULMAN FANATICS.

"And now occurred a most extraordinary scene. Among the matchlock-men, who to the number of 700 or 800 were lying behind the walls of the houses, was a body of Ghazees or Mussulman fanatics, who, like the Roman Decii, devote their lives with solemn oaths to their country or their faith. Uttering loud cries, 'Bismillah, Allah, deen deen!' 130 of these fanatics, sword in hand, with small circular bucklers on the left arm, and green cummerbungs, rushed out after the Sikhs, and dashed at the left of the right wing of the Highlanders. With bodies bent and heads low, waving their tulwars with a circular motion in the air, they came on with astonishing rapidity. At first they were mistaken for Sikhs, whose passage had already somewhat disordered our ranks. Fortunately, Sir Colin Campbell was close up with the 42d; his keen, quick eye detected the case at once. 'Steady, men, steady; close up the ranks. Bayonet them as they come on.' It was just in time, for these madmen, furious with bang, were already among us, and a body of them sweeping around the left of the right wing got into the rear of the regiment. The struggle was sanguinary but short. Three of them dashed so suddenly at Colonel Cameron that they pulled him off his horse ere he could defend himself. His sword fell out of its sheath, and he would have been hacked to pieces in another moment but for the gallant promptitude of Color-Sergeant Gardiner, who, stepping out of the ranks, drove his bayonet through two of them in the twinkling of an eye. The third was shot by one of the 42d. Brigadier Walpole had a similar escape; he was seized by two or three of the Ghazees, who sought to pull him off his horse, while others cut at him with their tulwars. He received two cuts on the hand, but he was delivered from the enemy by the quick bayonets of the 42d. In a few minutes the dead bodies of 133 of these Ghazees, and some eighteen or twenty wounded men of ours, were all the tokens left of the struggle.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL DEFEATED AT LAST.

"We passed through the large village of Tilhur, and encamped in a large mango tope to the south of it, not without considerable opposition from some of the inhabitants, for it so happened that the first camp fire that was lighted disturbed a community of the most vindictive bees in a hollow of the tree above that I ever heard of; they at once descended to the assault, and in a few minutes most of their enemies were utterly routed. The Commander-in-Chief himself was attacked and driven right out of the field, or rather out of the tope, for the enemy did not desist until they had forced him to take refuge in the open plain. The Chief of the Staff too was attacked, and utterly defeated in a few seconds. Colonel Althorp, after a gallant stand, was obliged to fly with the loss of his spectacles. Mr. Mackinnon, using a large mango branch as a claymore, resisted his foes with great activity and courage for some time, but finally he was obliged to fly, wounded in several places, and to take refuge in a neighboring tank. The guard over the treasure was also obliged to abandon their post; the natives wrapped themselves up in their cotton robes, and lay flat on the ground, and in a short time the bees were completely victorious. During the struggle all the Head-quarters Staff armed themselves with green boughs, so that it looked as if they were rehearsing a second march to Dunsinane. As soon as the tents were pitched, we had shelter from our enemy."

THE MOON, AND HOW WE SEE IT.

The picture which we engrave on these pages is probably the best and fullest view of the moon that has ever been laid before the public. Most of our readers are aware that the mountains and hollows of the moon have been accurately and thoroughly mapped by astronomers, and baptized by appropriate names. For the benefit of meritorious students of astronomical geography, we subjoin the names of all those which have been christened. At the present season it will amply repay the possessor of a small telescope to identify the several localities with the aid of our map.

In olden time the moon was a goddess. Whatever the ignorant mind of the time was incapable of grasping was supernatural. Thus arose the pale, chaste Deity of the Night, robed in virgin white, roaming dreamily under the partial shade of trees, loving to see her fair image reflected in streams, and shedding a complacent light on tender meetings. A goddess indeed! What less could have smiled so benevolently on young lovers? Even scurvy Johnson was forced to confess that

> The Queen of Night
> Round us pours a lambent light;
> Light that seems but just to show
> Breasts that beat and hearts that glow.

We are not heathens—far from it: we all go to church, and pay for pews, and the rest; but who among us has not at some time or other paid homage to the Queen of Night, and thanked her for the gentle light which has shown the way to some fair hand, or even, perhaps, a pair of red lips? Ah! let us not hasten to deride the poor old heathens!

In this matter-of-fact age, when every thing is regulated by degrees and inches, when philosophers have stethoscopes to test the amount of excitement which was developed in Fanny's breast at the aspect of Arthur arm in arm with Louisa—we don't fancy the moon as a goddess. We say, in blunt scientific terms, that she—or it—is a satellite of the earth, suspended in her—or its—present position by the contrasted attraction of the sun and the earth. This is the unromantic version of the naked fact.

There was a time—ah! that we had lived to see it—when the earth was an uncomfortable semi-incandescent mass, in the act of cooling off for practical purposes. The atmosphere was tropical throughout the globe. All things were intensely impregnated—or, as the philosophers say, supersaturated—with carbon. Between the dry land and the waters there was no division. There was no ocean, and consequently no continents. All was hot mud, with here and there a lake or a short river, and here and there a dry, parched, torrid eminence. In those days there were animals and plants, but no human beings. Both animals and plants were like the age in which they flourished—to our notions monstrous. Monsters were the rule, both in the vegetable and the animated world. Creatures were born, and grew to sizes which dwarf the elephant. Plants thrust their heads above the mud, and, in that carboniferous atmosphere, attained heights which would have towered above the tallest trees of our forests. But in proportion to the rapidity of their growth was the brevity of their life; for these were the days of earthquakes and terrestrial convulsions. Probably no day elapsed without some earthquake or volcanic eruption.

The light of day was dull and obscured. Masses of opaque matter floated through the atmosphere as thickly as dust specks float through a ray of sunlight in a darkened room. The hot air, thick and dull, hung a listless mist over the face of the earth, which was even then almost without form and void. When the sun went down, dense darkness covered the earth. There was no lesser light to rule the night; dim twinklings in the far distance, hardly piercing the pall which wrapped our planet, were the only contrasts to the Egyptian blackness of the dark hours.

But the internal fires which sprung from the vitals of the earth almost supplied the want of a nocturnal luminary. It is probable that there were but few spots on the globe which were out of view of some flaming volcano. We count the active volcanoes by integers. When we have enumerated Etna, Vesuvius, Hecla, Jorullo, Colima, and one or two others, we have reached the end of our list. In the days of Homer the volcanoes were counted by scores; in the carboniferous age they may have, must have, flourished by hundreds and thousands. That vast incandescent mass, of which the crust only had cooled, kept boiling up every few hours, and furiously pouring out the vials of its wrath upon an earth inhabited by transitory creatures. Go where the traveler may, he will still find traces of this terrible age. That tell-tale rock—"the trap"—is peculiar to no meridian; and from the Hudson's Bay territories nearly to Cape Magellan, from Spitzbergen to Borneo, either this, or some mountain range of volcanic origin, here with scoriæ disseminated through the more regular formations, there with copper or gold held in a native state in half-decayed quartz, tell a very legible story of the time when all the component parts of the earth were in a fluid state, and were thrown off by the boiling mass beneath as a kettle throws off froth and scum.

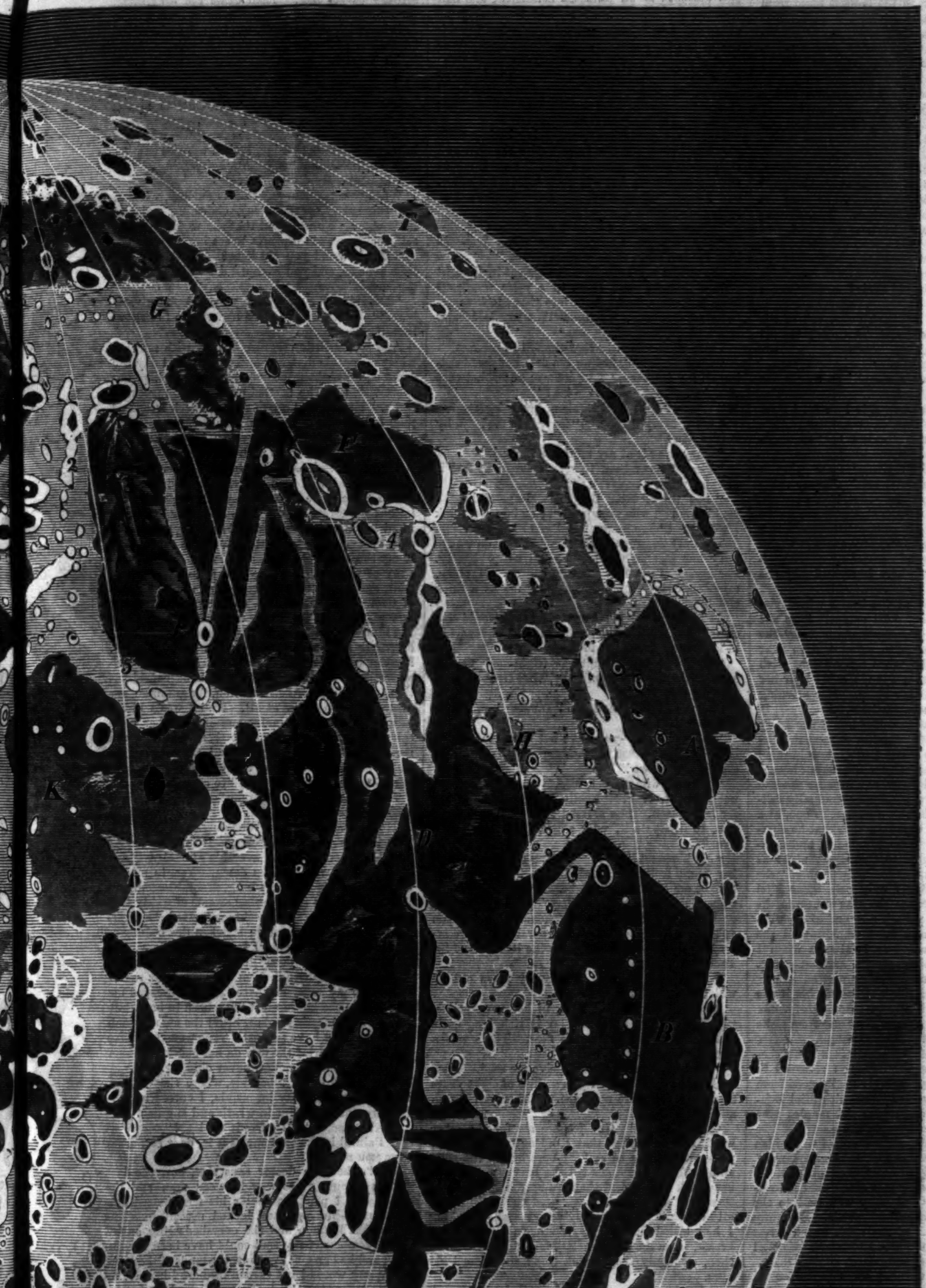
There came a day when the under crust could no longer bear the weight of the mass which, after being thrown off daily, returned, by the force of gravitation, to the surface of its parent. A time came when the incandescent and inchoate planet—if so daring a figure may be ventured—felt the necessity of unusually strenuous measures. It gathered all its fiery energies, and mustered all its fearful strength. The effect was universal, not local. With such bodies distances of 25,000 miles must be trifling, and the earth's meridian—a paltry 8000 miles—not worth mentioning. One can imagine the purpose and effort being common to the entire molten and raging mass.

It came at last. After throes of inconceivable agony, with a roar and a convulsion which must have destroyed every living thing then existent upon the face of the planet, in the midst of general chaos, confusion, and desolation, the earth relieved itself. It tore from its half-cooled surface immense masses, and projected them with monstrous force into space; not on one side alone, but on all. Lumps of earth four and five miles in thickness, and thousands of miles long and wide, were in an instant forced upward with such force as to pass beyond the circle of the earth's attraction. These various masses, thus lanched into space, soon felt the attraction of each other, and assembled together. They met, and, agreeably to the sublime law of celestial bodies, remained suspended in space at the point where the attraction of the earth meets that of the sun. That other celestial law which forbids the torpidity of any atom of matter compelled the aggregated mass to revolve, and the revolution forced the mass into a spherical shape.

Thus the moon came into being. An offshoot from the earth, it pays homage to its parent by revolving round it, and reflecting back to it a part of the sun's light during the period when that luminary is obscured to us. Had the force with which its substance was expelled from the body of the earth been less, it would have returned to our surface, just as those fragments of matter called aerolites do at regular intervals; had that force been greater, it would have entered upon the vast area which is the domain of the sun, and would have been attracted to that great cosmical body, and been fused by its intense heat. It was sent abroad with precisely the force necessary to sustain it *in equilibrio* between the earth and the sun, and hence it is "the lesser light which rules the night."

This is not the only service which it renders us. By its creation it caused great hollows in the surface of the earth. Into these hollows the waters which lay on the face of the deep naturally gathered, and became oceans, lakes, seas, and rivers. The cavities drained the earth of the moisture which had rendered it unfit for the habitation of the higher order of vertebrated creatures. Thus by degrees were formed the great Atlantic and Pacific, the Northern and the Southern oceans, leaving here and there tracts of cool, dry land for man to inhabit at the word of his Creator. Nor did the office of the moon stop here. While it was upheld in space by the attraction of the earth, it returned the compliment by exercising a reciprocal attraction upon the waters for which it had created beds. With the beautiful regularity which is the characteristic

THE MOON AS SEEN THRO



O A POWERFUL TELESCOPE.

of heavenly bodies, it affected them at uniform intervals, causing the tides to flow and to ebb, and to vibrate between the spring and the neap flow. Lastly, it relieved the earth of a vast quantity of superincumbent matter, equal, in fact, to over one-fiftieth of the whole bulk of the planet. One must imagine the earth in the condition of a gentleman who has dined copiously, and whose interior is troubled by an unusual burden: the convulsion which led to the creation of the moon is similar to the effect of the dose which the gentleman, if he be wise, will instantly take.

In departing from us, and setting up for herself, the moon forgot some articles of baggage which were essential to her future comfort and prosperity. Among these were air and water. How we came by these two useful commodities it were hard to say—about as hard as to account for the fact that you, my dear reader, have two eyes and a nose. It is enough for you and the earth to feel satisfied that you have what you need—that is to say, your two eyes and a nose; the earth, air and water. And we must, in the like stupid way, remain content with the naked assertion that the moon is devoid of what she sadly needs, air and water.

This is made quite certain by the discoveries of astronomers. Rains, dews, oceans, lakes, hail, snow, clouds, are all unknown to the moon. History records that the cruel Carthaginians used to cut off the eyelids of their prisoners and tie them on their backs, exposed to the burning sun of Africa. The moon is in the same unhappy condition. Nothing shields its surface from the burning rays of the sun. Wherever the light of that fierce luminary penetrates the moon's surface is incessantly hot.

Of volcanic origin, the moon is true to its descent. It is full of volcanoes, most of which, however, perhaps from a conviction of the uselessness of further action—there being nothing to destroy, and no one even to see their explosions—are now silent and torpid. But they wrought out their destiny so long and so faithfully, that the surface of the moon is frightfully disfigured and uneven. Switzerland is a prairie compared to the smoothest part of the moon's surface. It is nothing but incessant mountain and hollow. Lunar Alps and Rocky Mountains intersect every few miles of the surface. The Himalayas would be unnoticed among the gigantic ranges which ornament the lunar superficies. And the projections, mighty as they are, are but trifling in comparison with the hollows. It would seem as though the moon, with apish weakness, had tried to imitate the earth in throwing off space for rivers and oceans—forgetting that it contained no water to fill the cavities. Astronomers have made the most extraordinary discoveries in reference to these lunar hollows. Some of them appear to be about fifty miles deep, and a hundred miles or so wide, with precipitous sides. Our great astronomer Mitchell has vividly described these terrible places. Those who have looked over a precipice a few hundred feet in depth may perhaps form some rude idea of what it must be to gaze down into a hole fifty miles deep—so deep that the bottom would almost escape the eye, were there an intervening atmosphere—a great, monstrous cave, with no vegetation either on the borders or on the top, or on the sides or on the bottom; no life of any kind, not even the least sound, to break the endless monotony of silence—every where dull, warm scoriæ, lava, and stones of volcanic origin. But even these are the smallest of the lunar cavities. Latterly, acute astronomers, with improved instruments, have gazed into holes in the moon's surface, and estimated them to be no less than two hundred and fifty and three hundred miles deep, with fissures in them through which the sunlight penetrated.

Fancy the scene! Well may it have been termed the abomination of desolation! Surely this fair earth, with all its gloomy places and all its dreary scenes, contains nothing so overwhelming in its terrible despair as the moon. And who, gazing at its mild white face as it emerges from the cover of a cloud, would deem it so sad and desolate a sphere?

There are no "men in the moon." There can not be, for they could not exist without air and water. 'Tis a pity; for the sight of this planet of ours, thirteen times the size which the moon appears to us, as fair, and bright, and shining as our nightly luminary, would be a sight worth seeing.

Science has made such progress, and common sense has so far kept pace with it, that the old idea that this was the only inhabited sphere in the universe is now completely exploded. There is no reason to believe that our planet is the only one in our solar system which is devoted to a useful career; nor is there any ground for imagining that our sun is the only one, of the myriad of suns we see every night, which gives light, and heat, and happiness to human creatures. On the contrary, the supreme wisdom of the Deity affords a fair presumption that this little planet of ours is but as a grain of sand among the worlds which have been created for the glory of God, and that each planet after its kind is fitted for the habitation of creatures whose office and purpose it is to thank and bless Him for their existence. Moons may be an exception for a time.

Of all this we know but little, and can only conjecture vaguely. As science advances, we may have telescopic instruments so superior to those now in use that we shall be able to decipher the moon's surface as plainly as a distant shore on our own planet. But visits thither must ever remain as impossible as they are at present. The story of Hans Pfall will remain a brilliant imagination to the end of time.

The following are the names which have been given to the mountains and valleys, or hollows, in the moon, and which are referred to in the accompanying picture:

MOUNTAINS.

1. The Apennines.	6. The Altai Mountains.
2. The Caucasus.	7. The Cordilleras.
3. The Alps.	8. The Riphæ Mountains.
4. Taurus.	9. The Carpathians.
5. Hæmus.	10. The Hercynian Mountains.

HOLLOWS, OR VALLEYS.

A. The Crisian Sea.	L. The Middle Bay.
B. The Sea of Fertility (!!).	M. The Sea of Clouds.
C. The Sea of Nectar.	N. The Sea of Mist.
D. The Tranquil Sea.	O. The Bay of Epidemics.
E. The Serene Sea.	P. The Stormy Ocean.
F. The Sea of Dreams.	Q. The Showery Sea.
G. The Sea of Death.	R. The Sea of Rainbows.
H. The Dreamy Marsh.	S. The Sea of Dews.
I. The Cold Sea.	T. Humboldt's Sea.
K. The Sea of Vapors.	

As will be seen, astronomers have done what they could to relieve the dreariness of nature by a free indulgence in fanciful names.

NOTHING NEW.

"There is nothing new!" to me said one,
Gravely quoting threadbare Solomon—
"There is nothing new beneath the sun!"

"Ah! what foolish wisdom this!" I cried.
"Adages are pompous robes that hide
The nothingness of that which goes inside.

"Nothing is new?—No silver second falls
Tinkling through creation's echoing halls,
But something blooms: some voice awakes and calls!

"Spring, when she floats across the hills and seas,
Hangs not her last year's garlands on the trees.
Last autumn's fruits were not the twins of these.

"Nothing is new? Ingenious sophist, go!
Lift up your cradle's coverlet of snow—
Is this the babe you lost so long ago?"

THE DELECTABLE FAIRY TALE OF MIEL BONBON.

"MIEL BONBON, you are killing me!"

"Oh! I hope not."

"Miel Bonbon, you are too beautiful for any thing!"

"Isn't it any thing to kill you?"

"Graceful, witty, accomplished, sympathizing, high-minded, pure, sincere, gentle, appreciating, full of tact, fascinating, utterly angelic!"

"Dear me! I do not get up and bow! Consider it a case, not of ingratitude, but hoops."

"In fine, Miel Bonbon, I love you to distraction!"

"So I do you."

Of a truth, Miel Bonbon was a very queer girl. When she said these last words she looked me right in the face with those great, true, brown eyes of hers, and spoke as if she were not a bit ashamed. At first, I confess, I was a little vexed to find happiness coming to me so readily, like a tamed bird; but, as I looked through those bright, clear windows, she turned toward me—I saw the soul standing within, and knew that because, like young Eve, it was spotless, it was also naked and not ashamed. So straightway I was vexed again—this time at myself—to think that I had wished Miel Bonbon to mar her truth, and tease expectation in the disguise of a No that meant Yes.

This was the whole of the courtship; that is to say, the formality so called. For I had courted her in tender words behind curtains, as the whole world courts when it becomes a poet, once in its lifetime, and falls in love; I had courted her with flowers, as Gul courts the nightingale; I had courted her in music, as the bee courts Hymettus; with eyes had I courted Miel Bonbon, like the courting of heaven and the daisies. For three months our life had been an idyl, sung by the summer wind in the blossomy boughs under which we sat, and answered by the sighing clover of the fields all around. Ah! such heavenly times! Never was clover like that clover—were boughs like those boughs!

Yes, you are right—Miel Bonbon is an odd name for a girl—for that matter, for any body—and it is not unnatural that you do ask, "Who is she? Where did she come from? What country woman was she? And where in the world did she get such a strange name?"

Now this is all I knew of the matter, up to the very hour of our marriage. I had gone to recruit, after six months' hard work in town, in a little bit of a boarding-house, built in the wildest of the solitudes traversed by the Erie Railroad, and frequented only by people, like me, who were fond of catching trout, sketching, and getting up their individuality by being out of a crowd. One day, when, with sketch-book in hand, I had clambered to the top of a big mossy rock, which I intended to use for my studio, I looked down, and, on the further side, saw a young girl sitting on another ledge, sketching too. Before she heard me I glanced over her shoulder, and lo! the naughty child was taking down the very waterfall, under an arch-way of maples, which I had set my heart, and was just going to set my pencil, on; and so incomparably better than I could have done it, that, in disgust, I put my book into the most bottomless recesses of my pocket, wondering whether it was always going to be impossible to get so far by railroad that I shouldn't find some one there to beat me at every thing I tried.

Not wishing to violate privacy, I coughed impressively. The young woman turned and looked up naïvely into my eyes. What a face! The braids of her rich, pliant, brown hair fell low on her neck, and were all studded with trailing arbutus and wood violets. And where the bright daylight fell on part of her head, through breaks in the branches, it made a sun-golden mead in miniature, where the flowers seemed to grow naturally. Her clear, low forehead, arched thoughtfully in two soft curves over the most loving, soul-brimming eyes of hazel; the womanly nose just curved enough to show character, and so delicately cut as to speak wonders of tact, taste, and appreciation; the mouth winning as a little child's, speaking even in silence, varying through a hundred meanings even in the short moment I stood, astonished, before expressing myself. These, and the Greek curve of the cheek and chin, told me that I saw the perfect maiden of dreams.

"Madam"—regaining my composure—"be gracious, and forgive a stranger, whose intrusion was unintentional."

"It was no intrusion, Sir," said the most melodious of natural voices. "You could not have known, by any possibility, that I was here."

Beyond gainsay, a truth! It was just on the verge of impossibility, now that I saw it. Such a creature in the woods, and an utter inability, from the fact of a philosophical education, to resort to the hypothesis of Dryads!

I took courage.

"Are you not afraid to be alone? I am told there are bears—"

"Did you ever see a bear? I should like to so much! I think they are dear—so honest, and like a great soft muff. I don't believe I should be a bit afraid."

Mr. Charles Lawrence—videlicet myself—with a practical training, spending his winters in town, and with ideas, so far as embracing bears, entirely derived from an early perusal of Mrs. Trimmer's "Natural History," stood amazed, and stared at this young woman as at a portent.

Just as I was rallying myself, and trying to think of something she *might* be afraid of—at least, enough to let me stay by her and keep it off the rest of the afternoon—there came a sound.

A crashing of broken undergrowth—a stamp of impatient, clumsy feet—a heavy breathing, as of some animal thoroughly blown by exercise. I began to think this little skeptic on the subject of Trimmer was about to be set right on bears—to say nothing of my having my own orthodox opinions strengthened.

No, it was not a bear—but young Cottin Bayles, fresh from Broad Street, in the loudest plaid from head to foot, coming out to catch trout with a float and sinker! That man always was my abomination—but just then he did seem, at least, a pleasant disappointment, as a substitute for the bear. I breathed freely.

Not so the girl. She clung to my arm with a sudden look of terror, just as a little daughter of five years might have done, and whispered, quickly, "Oh, what is that? Please take me away! Please—"

Probably I shall never know, to my dying day, whether Cottin Bayles was going to shake hands with me. I favor the impression that he was; but he didn't do it—nor has he since. For, cutting him dead, I gave my arm to the young girl, and we left him, *planté là*. Then we hurried through the bushes, and never stopped until, somewhat oppressed for breath, we stood to rest on the open upland, looking toward the old stone boarding-house where I staid.

I really felt as if I had been doing one of the strangest things in the world. I turned toward the little creature at my side, and said:

"What were you afraid of?"

"I seemed to see his soul—oh! so coarse—so gross—so low."

I believe it was then I began to love Miel Bonbon. For she had my repulsions—probably then my affinities. After this I asked her, as unobtrusively as I could, where she lived.

In her quiet style she replied, "I am going to stay at the house where you are." Every thing about her was so extraordinary that, if you can understand what I mean, it seemed not to dispose me to questioning. I was perfectly satisfied with this answer from her, though from any other it would have awakened a thousand succeeding queries, silent or expressed, how, where from, and why she came here.

"I am going to stay at the house where you are." And she did stay. All summer long she occupied a little nest of a room close under the eaves on the same floor with me. And so near that sometimes at night, when I lay awake with my viny windows thrown open, I could hear her singing rich old airs in her sleep. Her morning warble always woke me with the sun.

The people of the house called her "The Lady Tourist," and worshiped her gaiter soles at the distance between common life and mysterious beauty. Young Cottin Bayles (he, too, stopped at our house) called her "Little Bad Manners," because she had run away; but as I saw his dinner gradually falling from six trout, taken at a canter, to one, at a very moderate pace, I became aware that he cherished the secret flame under his plaids, and mentioned her confidentially to the silent night as Blooming Rose, which was his conception of "the stunning woman." But I only called her Miel Bonbon—probably because she was sweet as the nectar of gods, which palleth not, and of a petiteness between fairies and most women—and she took the name, answering to it always when I called her for our day-long strolls, and never saying that she had another already; nor, curious as it may seem, did I once think of asking her if she really did have. Miel Bonbon was enough for me. I did not care to know where she came from; she was *here* now, and that also was enough.

The conversation with which this account begins was held just the day before I returned to New York. After it, feeling universally good from the heart outward, I walked home with Miel Bonbon leaning on my arm, under the maples now blushing into their first autumn tinge.

There was no minister within—oh, I've no idea how many miles of that old house. Our means of grace consisted entirely of one large family Bible, which lay under the asparagus of the mantle looking-glass, and the natural piety welling into the summer soul from rocks and woods. Nor any magistrate—the peace of the wild, grand forest was too wide and deep to dread a breach. So Miel Bonbon and I could not be married *en règle* there.

Yet, remembering the majestic Old Testament souls, who settled every thing so simply by leaving a memorial-stone, to bear witness of their covenants, far in some solitude, where One eye always saw it, we went out to the rock where I had first met Miel Bonbon, and knelt on it with joined hands. And the thoughts we thought there were the real marriage, of which the ceremony done afterward were the faint sign to men. Then we stood up, and clasped one another in that long embrace which says, "Naught but death shall part thee and me."

"What is this, love?" said Miel Bonbon, with a sudden look of strange surprise, as we unclasped our arms from about one another; "just give me your hand a minute." I put it in hers, and she held it in the air midway between us. "What do you feel now!" said she.

Sure enough! It was very strange, but just at that midway place I felt, though I could not see any thing, a double throb, as of two hearts beating in exact unison. "I verily believe," exclaimed Miel Bonbon, "that they are ours, which became one when I was in your arms, and would not part when we parted." It must have been so; for never, up to this moment, has that midway throb ceased; and one of us can ever tell the approach of the other in the darkest night by feeling it stir the air nearer.

Early the next morning we left the woods together for New York. Our good, motherly landlady threw an old shoe after us for luck as we left the door. It struck me on the head, which made Miel Bonbon laugh, for it was too old to hurt, and gave young Bayles an opportunity to remark, from the viny window in which he sat like a snob "Gentleman" in the National Academy, in a frame altogether too good for him, that he wished it were a boot.

On reaching New York, we were married over again in due form; and Miel Bonbon, by the sanction of Heaven and society, was now my wife. And what a charming little one she made! She had all my tastes, and that naturally, too, without any pretense of an imbecile deference; she had read all my beloved authors, and loved them as well; and often, as we were talking together through one of the long winter evenings which we never tired of spending with each other, she would come out with some exquisite sentence upon the subject in hand, which so thoroughly expressed what I had thought an utterly inexpressible idea of mine, that I was quite startled with delight.

One night, just after her winning little mouth had first blown out the lamp under the urn and then given me my after-tea kiss, it struck me as not unpleasant to have it do a third good office, and I said, "Sing, Miel Bonbon—there's a dear little fairy!"

"Sing—sing—what shall I sing?"

"The air that of all you love best. I should like, for curiosity, to hear what that is."

She sat on my knee for one moment in thought—deep thought—and then, in a voice wondrous fresh and clear, broke forth into that glorious anthem of prophecy, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

I started so violently that she fell to her feet.

"Child!" I cried, feeling the drops of awe beading all my forehead, "how did you know that that was the holiest of sounds to me?"

"What?" said Miel Bonbon, her color coming and going every second. "So it is to me! Why is it to you?"

"They sang it at my mother's funeral."

"I must have been there. I begin to feel it pain me when you speak of it."

"*You* there, Miel Bonbon? Impossible! I could name all who were present; and do you think I would not have remembered you?"

The only answer that Miel Bonbon made was to bury her face in my bosom, and weep bitterly. For myself, I sat like one in a dream. Mystery, mystery, every where enwrapping me as a thick cloud!

At last—for it seemed as if she never would stop crying without help—I roused myself, and, trying to kiss away her tears, lovingly said,

"Darling! my abruptness frightened you—I have made you ill. Don't cry, Miel Bonbon—forgive me this time!"

She raised her head, and answered me, in a broken voice:

"No; not that—you have not hurt me; but—but—oh, there must be some strange, dreadful secret about us two!"

"Secret! what secret, Miel Bonbon? You are not well yet, dear!" Really I began to be afraid for her reason. She seemed to suspect this fear; and, to dissipate it, with a great effort collected herself.

"My husband," said she, sitting up, and through her tears looking me full in the face, "nobody taught me that air, but I began to sing it as if it came right out of here and here," putting her hand on her heart, then on her forehead, "and as soon as I began I seemed to see a funeral—we were attending it with other people in the left aisle of St. Thomas's Church."

"My God!" I said; "the very place out of which she was buried!"

"It was a beautiful lady, in her very prime, with dark brown hair, that lay in rich, long curls beside her exquisite marble face. There was a jasmine wreath—"

"Miel Bonbon! you will drive me mad. How could *you* know this? I was a child of eight years then, and you were not born. Either you are an angel or a—"

Quick! water! God forgive me for the other word, and be praised that I did not say it! Ah, yes—quite, quite away! I bore her to the sofa, and chafed her temples till the servant answered my quick call. And then we sprinkled her face, threw up all the windows, used the vinaigrette, all in vain. At last in my desperation—thinking I had killed her—I clasped her tightly to my breast, as on the forest rock of remembrance. And then, strangely then, thank God! she opened her eyes.

"Are you angry with me, dear?" she whispered, faintly.

"If I ever give you cause to think so again, let me be punished as I have been the last five minutes!"

There we dropped the subject. I solved its whole mystery, for the sake of dismissing it, by supposing that Miel Bonbon and I were in strong mesmeric *rapport* with one another—a case not unusual between men and women who are much together. But into this forced self-satisfaction, like the shadow of a cloud which falls through the window spite bars and panes, every now and then intruded that dark saying of Miel Bonbon's:

"There must be some strange, dreadful secret about us two."

The winter was over, and spring half-way on the road to summer—for I remember the wisterias were in full bloom on the back piazza, and the Stuyvesant pear-tree with his blossoming head seemed trying to reproduce old Petrus in powder—when I had to go to Chicago on business. No time was to be lost—the affair that called me was imminent—and I was to go by the lightning train. A prospect about as pleasant as a tour by comet—unless, perhaps, the advantages are in favor of the latter, as sooner over with and no likelihood of rotten bridges. I was to sleep aboard, or rather try to and not do it. I was to eat at counters where the time is five minutes, and the edibles are bread wiped with a hammy knife, called sandwiches, and the potables, water brought in a pail formerly used for the conveyance of lemons, called lemonade. If I ever reached there, I was to stay at Chicago only a day, and then return.

Accordingly, painful as I felt our first parting must be, I could not be so cruel as to take Miel Bonbon with me. She pleaded long and bewitchingly, but my love made me decided, and I answered all she could say with, "Oh no, darling! no, my Miel Bonbon! You are too precious to me to be killed outright." And, with heroic repression of my marital weakness, I sternly packed one solitary carpet bag. Then came the invariable, the indescribable, and for that reason, little weight as it has with most people, the by me undescribed tenderness of the first good-by.

A little handkerchief waving at the window. I kiss my hand a dozen times. Good-by for six whole days, Miel Bonbon!

The train had reached Bergen Cut, as in my melancholy I sat reading the paper, upside down, I believe, though that don't matter, when I felt a heart beat close beside me, looked up, and saw—

"Why, Miel Bonbon! Am I dreaming?"

"Is it an ugly dream, dear?"

What could a man say to this darling, wicked, faithful, sunny, pertinacious, charming, suicidal little wife? Nothing but that she would kill herself, and he was in raptures to see her.

"But how did you get here? *I* had only just time enough, and you were not dressed when I left the house."

"I could not be away from you—I found myself here." Which I have since had reason to believe literally true.

And so the little creature braved with me that whole miserable distance and fatigue—all day my comfort, all night my comforter; for she kept my heart warm as she nestled on it under my great cloak. Really, we both of us came back less tired than I should have returned alone. *Mem.*—A lesson to all husbands who travel by land or sea, and whose wives want to go with them.

I hate confessions to the public. I never make them. But I will own, mortifying as it is, that after I came home I was betrayed into land speculations—Western land. While I was *at* Chicago I had so little time that there was no temptation to such an evil course. But a few weeks subsequent to my return, somebody induced me to join a Company of which young Bayles's father was president, and whose circular contained the signatures of Crewdrosin, Cordidge, and there's no saying how many other eminently responsible names.

This Company had meetings almost every night. Meetings for election. Meetings to take steps. Meetings to take them back. Meetings for consideration. Meetings utterly without consideration. Meetings for conversation, for gammon, for business, for nothing at all. And I was whirled into the vortex, gradually running swifter from spiral to spiral, until at last there was never a meeting but I was present, and my whole life-theme became a refrain of two changes—cash converted to land, land converted to cash.

Stop! Mr. Charles Lawrence—there, Sir! right where you are.

Ho, there, without! Who dares call stop?

It is I! says certain Fever. It is I, too! says possible Death, glaring over his shoulder. For Miel Bonbon was stricken down. Yes, in all the exquisite beauty of her young, peach-blossom womanhood; in all the ripening sweets of wifely tenderness; in delicate forelookings toward the blessed mysteries of maternity; stricken down—down. In the madness for gain I had not seen how, day by day, she had been growing paler, weaker, more weirdly spiritual, from the very hour that I started on my accursed chase. It had escaped me how lonely the house must have been to her while I was at the meetings—how bitter the change from old times must have seemed. True woman! Like the daisy, she dried the dew on her cheek when her sun appeared—and never, never chid me.

As I stood by that bedside, where she whom I loved idolatrously lay insensible, I cursed my folly, through teeth shut in wrath and anguish.

"Ah! doctor, do I curse it too late?"

"Painful in the extreme as it is, dear Sir, I can give you no hope."

Oh! when the doctor says *that*, how the last prop suddenly gives way between man and the Eternal! I paid the doctor his fees, bowed—almost put—him out, and locked myself in alone with Miel Bonbon and the overshadowing angel. If the remorse of my soul could have been personified and had an evil eye, how the lands of the Land Company would have turned into sand-heaps, and their coupons to ashes! No hope! no hope! But hold. The doctor was but a prop; *he* knocked away, I fell—where? Upon the All-Great, the All-Good. I would pray.

For an hour I knelt, breathing no articulate language but this alone, "Save Miel Bonbon!"

I was attracted by the sound of the old midway beat—the first time I had heard it since she became delirious. In an ecstasy I sprang to my feet and cried, "She lives—she lives!"

Oh no! not yet; her lips move, but she is only talking wanderingly in her fever. Still that is a blessing after the dread silence of the last three hours. I put my ear to her mouth, and, clasping her hand, listen to catch what she says.

Thus it runs. "There was a young man once—he loved every thing good and true and beautiful—he used to cherish the images of such things in his soul—all the time. Slowly—little by little—these images began to form themselves into one—one of a woman that was good—and true—and beautiful. In the night—he sometimes saw her—in his soul—and—and—he said—my wife shall be such a woman. By-and-by she grew so strong—so living—that she did not—could not—stay an idea—and be within. She stepped out—she became a real—live woman—and sat down on a rock—it was by a brook—oh, far away in the woods."

"Oh, Heaven! the secret of Miel Bonbon!"

"Yes—that was the name—the strange, sweet name he called her. He did not know—she had always been his—he wondered at her. But he loved her—and oh!—how she loved him—and she—became his wife. By day and night—Miel Bonbon must—be near him—she was where his—thought was—his thought kept—her alive. By-and-by—"

Now her voice grew fainter. In the fascination of an almost despair I threw myself down by her side, and put my heart upon hers. The old remedy revived her once more. Still, brokenly, she went on.

"By-and-by—he began to love money—oh!—it frightens me—as much as—love—and—good—and truth—and beautiful things. He was trying to be—like the—bear—no—not the bear—the bear is soft and good—like young Cottin Bayles. He *would* have been in—a very—short time. As his heart—and his thought inside—began to rust—and grow dim—his thought and heart—outside—his Miel Bonbon—began to sicken—and to die—oh!—she would never live again—if—if—"

Voice failing once more. Quick! quick! with desperation! Heart to heart again, closer, longer than before! Once more, thank God, she revives!

"If what, dearest? If what, my soul, Miel Bonbon?"

"If—he does not—look steadily at her face—with his heart—on hers—and think the old thoughts again."

Hope! hope! Glory in the highest! Hope!

Still pressing my heart close to Miel Bonbon's—as the Prophet of old upon the Shunamite's son—I looked my very being through those shut, death-like lids of my love; yea, and I thought the old thoughts also. For—with God as my helper—I swore my solemn oath that the dross-heap of this world should no more forever rise between me and the nobler things of the soul. With every inward breath I drew back the pure, beautiful former life—with every outward one I breathed that life anew into the fainting Miel Bonbon.

For an hour I lay thus—every thought an act—every act a mighty prayer! Nor unanswered; for at the end of that time—slowly, as one comes out of a long trance—did Miel Bonbon awake, nor knew she what she had been saying. Then quicker and quicker returned bloom, roundness, strength. And she arose and ministered unto us.

As she fell upon my neck weeping, yet living, loving and lovely as before; as she called me again, "My only beloved—my husband!" do you think that I sorrowed for that past lesson of anguish? No; for it taught me the secret of Miel Bonbon, and now that I know it, I say to her,

"Not the world, nay, nor death even, shall part me and thee!"

A CROWN OF SORROW.

A SORROW, wet with early tears
Yet bitter, had been long with me;
I wearied of this weight of years,
And would be free.

I tore my Sorrow from my heart,
I cast it far away in scorn;
Right joyful that we two could part,
Yet most forlorn.

I sought (to take my Sorrow's place)
Over the world for flower or gem;
But she had had an ancient grace
Unknown to them!

I took once more with strange delight
My slighted Sorrow. Proudly now
I wear it, set with stars of light,
Upon my brow!

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER X.

"Sweet are the uses of Adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head."

Most persons will agree that the toad is ugly and venomous, but few indeed are the persons who can boast of having actually discovered that "precious jewel in its head," which the poet assures us is placed there. But calamity may be classed in two great divisions—1st, The afflictions, which no prudence can avert; 2d, The misfortunes, which men take all possible pains to bring upon themselves. Afflictions of the first class may but call forth our virtues, and result in our ultimate good. Such is the adversity which may give us the jewel. But to get at the jewel we must kill the toad. Misfortunes of the second class but too often increase the errors or the vices by which they were created. Such is the adversity which is all toad and no jewel. If you choose to breed and fatten your own toads, the increase of the venom absorbs every bit of the jewel.

NEVER did I know a man who was an habitual gambler, otherwise than notably inaccurate in his calculations of probabilities in the ordinary affairs of life. Is it that such a man has become so chronic a drunkard of hope, that he sees double every chance in his favor?

Jasper Losely had counted upon two things as matters of course.

1st. Darrell's speedy reconciliation with his only child.

2d. That Darrell's only child must of necessity be Darrell's heiress.

In both these expectations the gambler was deceived.

Darrell did not even answer the letters that Matilda addressed to him from France, to the shores of which Jasper had borne her, and where he had hastened to make her his wife under his assumed name of Hammond, but his true Christian name of Jasper.

In the disreputable marriage Matilda had made, all the worst parts of her character seemed suddenly revealed to her father's eye, and he saw what he had hitherto sought not to see, the true child of a worthless mother. A mere *mésalliance*, if palliated by long or familiar acquaintance with the object, however it might have galled him, his heart might have pardoned; but here, without even a struggle of duty, without the ordinary coyness of maiden pride, to be won with so scanty a wooing, by a man who she knew was betrothed to another—the dissimulation, the perfidy, the combined effrontery and meanness of the whole transaction, left no force in Darrell's eyes to the commonplace excuses of inexperience and youth. Darrell would not have been Darrell if he could have taken back to his home or his heart a daughter so old in deceit, so experienced in thoughts that dishonor.

Darrell's silence, however, little saddened the heartless bride, and little dismayed the sanguine bridegroom. Both thought that pardon and plenty were but the affair of time—a little more or little less. But their funds rapidly diminished; it became necessary to recruit them. One can't live in hotels entirely upon hope. Leaving his bride for a while in a pleasant provincial town, not many hours distant from Paris, Jasper returned to London, intent upon seeing Darrell himself; and should the father-in-law still defer articles of peace, Jasper believed that he could have no trouble in raising a present supply upon such an El Dorado of future expectations. Darrell at once consented to see Jasper, not at his own house, but at his solicitor's. Smothering all opposing disgust, the proud gentleman deemed this condescension essential to the clear and definite understanding of those resolves upon which depended the worldly station and prospects of the wedded pair.

When Jasper was shown into Mr. Gotobed's office, Darrell was alone, standing near the hearth, and by a single quiet gesture repelled that tender rush toward his breast which Jasper had elaborately prepared; and thus for the first time the two men saw each other, Darrell perhaps yet more resentfully mortified while recognizing those personal advantages in the showy profligate which had rendered a daughter of his house so facile a conquest: Jasper (who had chosen to believe that a father-in-law so eminent must necessarily be old and broken) shocked into the most disagreeable surprise by the sight of a man still young, under forty, with a countenance, a port, a presence, that in any assemblage would have attracted the general gaze from his own brilliant self, and looking altogether as unfavorable an object, whether for pathos or for post-obits, as unlikely to breathe out a blessing or to give up the ghost, as the worst brute of a father-in-law could possibly be. Nor were Darrell's words more comforting than his aspect.

"Sir, I have consented to see you, partly that you may learn from my own lips once for all that I admit no man's right to enter my family without my consent, and that consent you will never receive, and partly that, thus knowing each other by sight, each may know the man it becomes him most to avoid. The lady who is now your wife is entitled by my marriage-settlement to the reversion of a small fortune at my death; nothing more from me is she likely to inherit. As I have no desire that she to whom I once gave the name of daughter should be dependent wholly on yourself for bread, my solicitor will inform you on what conditions I am willing, during my life, to pay the interest of the sum which will pass to your wife at my death. Sir, I return to your hands the letters that lady has addressed to me, and which, it is easy to perceive, were written at your dictation. No letter from her will I answer. Across my threshold her foot will never pass. Thus, Sir, concludes all possible intercourse between you and myself; what rests is between you and that gentleman."

Darrell had opened a side-door in speaking the last words—pointed toward the respectable form of Mr. Gotobed standing tall beside his tall desk—and, before Jasper could put in a word, the father-in-law was gone.

With becoming brevity Mr. Gotobed made Jasper fully aware that not only all Mr. Darrell's funded or personal property was entirely at his own disposal—that not only the large landed estates he had purchased (and which Jasper had vaguely deemed inherited and in strict entail) were in the same condition—condition enviable to the proprietor, odious to the bridegroom of the proprietor's sole daughter; but that even the fee-simple of the poor Fawley Manor-House and lands was vested in Darrell, encumbered only by the portion of £10,000 which the late Mrs. Darrell had brought to her husband, and which was settled, at the death of herself and Darrell, on the children of the marriage.

In the absence of marriage-settlements between Jasper and Matilda, that sum at Darrell's death was liable to be claimed by Jasper, in right of his wife, so as to leave no certainty that provision would remain for the support of his wife and family; and the contingent reversion might, in the mean time, be so dealt with as to bring eventful poverty on them all.

"Sir," said the lawyer, "I will be quite frank with you. It is my wish, acting for Mr. Darrell, so to settle this sum of £10,000 on your wife, and any children she may bear you, as to place it out of your power to anticipate or dispose of, even with Mrs. Hammond's consent. If you part with that power, not at present a valuable one, you are entitled to compensation. I am prepared to make that compensation liberal. Perhaps you would prefer communicating with me through your own solicitor. But I should tell you, that the terms are more likely to be advantageous to you, in proportion as negotiation is confined to us two. It might, for instance, be expedient to tell your solicitor that your true name (I beg you a thousand pardons) is not Hammond. That is a secret which, the more you can keep it to yourself, the better I think it will be for you. We have no wish to blab it out."

Jasper by this time had somewhat recovered the first shock of displeasure and disappointment; and with that quickness which so erratically darted through a mind that contrived to be dull when any thing honest was addressed to its apprehension, he instantly divined that his real name of Losely was worth something. He had no idea of resuming—was, indeed, at that time anxious altogether to ignore and eschew it; but he had a right to it, and a man's rights are not to be resigned for nothing. Accordingly, he said with some asperity, "I shall resume my family name whenever I choose it. If Mr. Darrell does not like his daughter to be called Mrs. Jasper Losely—or all the malignant tittle-tattle which my poor father's unfortunate trial might provoke—he must, at least, ask me as a favor to retain the name I have temporarily adopted—a name in my family, Sir. A Losely married a Hammond, I forget when—generations ago—you'll see it in the Baronetage. My grandfather, Sir Julian, was not a crack lawyer, but he was a baronet of as good birth as any in the country; and my father, Sir"—(Jasper's voice trembled)—"my father," he repeated, fiercely striking his clenched hand on the table, "was a gentleman every inch of his body; and I'll pitch any man out of the window who says a word to the contrary!"

"Sir," said Mr. Gotobed, shrinking toward the bell-pull, "I think, on the whole, I had better see your solicitor."

Jasper cooled down at that suggestion; and, with a slight apology for natural excitement, begged to know what Mr. Gotobed wished to propose. To make an end of this part of the story, after two or three interviews, in which the two negotiators learned to understand each other, a settlement was legally completed, by which the sum of £10,000 was inalienably settled on Matilda, and her children by her marriage with Jasper; in case he survived her, the interest was to be his for life—in case she died childless, the capital would devolve to himself at Darrell's decease. Meanwhile, Darrell agreed to pay £500 a year, as the interest of the £10,000 at five per cent, to Jasper Hammond, or his order, provided always that Jasper and his wife continued to reside together, and fixed that residence abroad.

By a private verbal arrangement, not even committed to writing, to this sum was added another £200 a year, wholly at Darrell's option and discretion. It being clearly comprehended that these words meant so long as Mr. Hammond kept his own secret, and so long, too, as he forbore directly, or indirectly, to molest, or even to address the person at whose pleasure it was held. On the whole, the conditions to Jasper were sufficiently favorable: he came into an income immeasurably beyond his right to believe that he should ever enjoy; and sufficient—well managed—for even a fair share of the elegances as well as comforts of life, to a young couple blessed in each other's love, and remote from the horrible taxes and emulous gentilities of this opulent England, where, out of fear to be thought too poor, nobody is ever too rich.

Matilda wrote no more to Darrell. But some months afterward he received an extremely well-expressed note in French, the writer whereof represented herself as a French lady, who had very lately seen Madame Hammond—was now in London but for a few days, and had something to communicate, of such importance as to justify the liberty she took in requesting him to honor her with a visit. After some little hesitation, Darrell called on this lady. Though Matilda had forfeited his affection, he could not contemplate her probable fate without painful anxiety. Perhaps Jasper had ill-used her—perhaps she had need of shelter elsewhere. Though that shelter could not again be under a father's roof—and though Darrell would have taken no step to separate her from the husband she had chosen, still, in secret, he would have felt comparative relief and ease had she herself sought to divide her fate from one whose path downward in dishonor his penetration instinctively divined. With an idea that some communication might be made to him, to which he might reply that Matilda, if compelled to quit her husband, should never want the home and subsistence of a gentlewoman, he repaired to the house (a handsome house in a quiet street, temporarily occupied by the French lady). A tall *chasseur*, in full costume, opened the door—a page ushered him into the drawing-room. He saw a lady—young—and with all the grace of a *Parisienne* in her manner—who, after some exquisitely-turned phrases of excuse, showed him (as a testimonial of the intimacy between herself and Madame Hammond) a letter she had received from Matilda, in a very heart-broken, filial strain, full of professions of penitence—of a passionate desire for her father's forgiveness—but far from complaining of Jasper, or hinting at the idea of deserting a spouse, with whom, but for the haunting remembrance of a beloved parent, her lot would be blessed indeed. Whatever of pathos was deficient in the letter, the French lady supplied by such apparent fine feeling, and by so many touching little traits of Matilda's remorse, that Darrell's heart was softened in spite of his reason. He went away, however, saying very little, and intending to call no more. But another note came. The French lady had received a letter from a mutual friend—"Matilda," she feared, "was dangerously ill." This took him again to the house, and the poor French lady seemed so agitated by the news she had heard—and yet so desirous not to exaggerate nor alarm him needlessly, that Darrell suspected his daughter was really dying, and became nervously anxious himself for the next report. Thus, about three or four visits in all necessarily followed the first one. Then Darrell abruptly closed the intercourse, and could not be induced to call again. Not that he for an instant suspected that this amiable lady, who spoke so becomingly, and whose manners were so high-bred, was other than the well-born Baroness she called herself, and looked to be; but partly because, in the last interview, the charming *Parisienne* had appeared a little to forget Matilda's alarming illness, in a, not forward but still, coquettish desire to centre his attention more upon herself; and the moment she did so, he took a dislike to her which he had not before conceived; and partly because his feelings having recovered the first effect which the vision of a penitent pining, dying daughter could not fail to produce, his experience of Matilda's duplicity and falsehood made him discredit the penitence, the pining, and the dying. The Baroness might not willfully be deceiving him—Matilda might be willfully deceiving the Baroness. To the next note, therefore, dispatched to him by the feeling and elegant foreigner, he replied but by a dry excuse—a stately hint that family matters could never be satisfactorily discussed except in family councils, and that if her friend's grief or illness were really in any way occasioned by a belief in the pain her choice of life might have inflicted on himself, it might comfort her to know that that pain had subsided, and that his wish for her health and happiness was not less sincere, because henceforth he could neither watch over the one nor administer to the other. To this note, after a day or two, the Baroness replied by a letter so beautifully worded, I doubt whether Madame de Sévigné could have written in purer French, or Madame de Staël with a finer felicity of phrase. Stripped of the graces of diction, the substance was but small; "Anxiety for a friend so beloved—so unhappy—more pitied even than before, now that the Baroness had been enabled to see how fondly a daughter must idolize a father in the man whom a nation revered!—(here two lines devoted to compliment personal)—compelled by that anxiety to quit even sooner than she had first intended the metropolis of that noble country," etc.—(here four lines devoted to compliment national)—and then proceeding through some charming sentences about patriot altars and domestic hearths, the writer suddenly checked herself—"would intrude no more on time sublimely dedicated to the human race—and concluded with the assurance of sentiments the most *distinguées*." Little thought Darrell that this complimentary stranger, whom he never again beheld, would exercise an influence over that portion of his destiny which then seemed to him most secure from evil; toward which, then, he looked for the balm to every wound—the compensation to every loss!

Darrell heard no more of Matilda, till, not long afterward, her death was announced to him. She had died from exhaustion shortly after giving birth to a female child. The news came upon him at a moment when, from other causes—(the explanation of which, forming no part of his confidence to Alban, it will be convenient to reserve)—his mind was in a state of great affliction and disorder—when he had already buried himself in the solitudes of Fawley—ambition resigned and the world renounced—and the intelligence saddened and shocked him more than it might have done some months before. If, at that moment of utter bereavement, Matilda's child had been brought to him—given up to him to rear—would he have rejected it? would he have forgotten that it was a felon's grandchild? I dare not say. But his pride was not put to such a trial. One day he received a packet from Mr. Gotobed, inclosing the formal certificates of the infant's death, which had been presented to him by Jasper, who had arrived in London for that melancholy purpose, with which he combined a pecuniary proposition. By the death of Matilda and her only child, the sum of £10,000 absolutely reverted to Jasper in the event of Darrell's decease. As the interest meanwhile was continued to Jasper, that widowed mourner suggested "that it would be a great boon to himself and no disadvantage to Darrell if the principal were made over to him at once. He had been brought up originally to commerce. He had abjured all thoughts of resuming such vocation during his wife's lifetime, out of that consideration for her family and ancient birth which motives of delicacy imposed. Now that the connection with Mr. Darrell was dissolved, it might be rather a relief than otherwise to that gentleman to know that a son-in-law so displeasing to him was finally settled, not only in a foreign land, but in a social sphere, in which his very existence would soon be ignored by all who could remind Mr. Darrell that his daughter had once a husband. An occasion that might never occur again now presented itself. A trading firm at Paris, opulent, but unostentatiously quiet in its mercantile transactions, would accept him as a partner could he bring to it the additional capital of £10,000." Not without dignity did Jasper add, "that since his connection had been so unhappily distasteful to Mr. Darrell, and since the very payment, each quarter, of the interest on the sum in question must in itself keep alive the unwelcome remembrance of that connection, he had the less scruple in making a proposition which would enable the eminent personage who so disdained his alliance to get rid of him altogether." Darrell closed at once with Jasper's proposal, pleased to cut off from his life each tie that could henceforth link it to Jasper's, nor displeased to relieve his hereditary acres from every shilling of the marriage portion which was imposed on it as a debt, and associated with memories of unmingled bitterness. Accordingly, Mr. Gotobed, taking care first to ascertain that the certificates as to the poor child's death were genuine, accepted Jasper's final release of all claim on Mr. Darrell's estate. There still, however, remained the £200 a year which Jasper had received during Matilda's life, on the tacit condition of remaining Mr. Hammond, and not personally addressing Mr. Darrell. Jasper inquired "if that annuity was to continue?" Mr. Gotobed referred the inquiry to Darrell, observing that the object for which this extra allowance had been made was rendered nugatory by the death of Mrs. Hammond and her child; since Jasper henceforth could have neither power nor pretext to molest Mr.

Darrell, and that it could signify but little what name might in future be borne by one whose connection with the Darrell family was wholly dissolved. Darrell impatiently replied, "That nothing having been said as to the withdrawal of the said allowance in case Jasper became a widower, he remained equally entitled, in point of honor, to receive that allowance, or an adequate equivalent."

This answer being intimated to Jasper, that gentleman observed "that it was no more than he had expected from Mr. Darrell's sense of honor," and apparently quite satisfied, carried himself and his £10,000 back to Paris. Not long after, however, he wrote to Mr. Gotobed that "Mr. Darrell, having alluded to an equivalent for the £200 a year allowed to him, evidently implying that it was as disagreeable to Mr. Darrell to see that sum entered quarterly in his banker's books, as it had to see there the quarterly interest of the £10,000, so Jasper might be excused in owning that he should prefer an equivalent. The commercial firm to which he was about to attach himself required a somewhat larger capital on his part than he had anticipated, etc., etc. Without presuming to dictate any definite sum, he would observe that £1500, or even £1000, would be of more avail to his views and objects in life than an annuity of £200 a year, which, being held only at will, was not susceptible of a temporary loan." Darrell, wrapped in thoughts wholly remote from recollections of Jasper, chafed at being thus recalled to the sense of that person's existence, wrote back to the solicitor who transmitted to him this message, "that an annuity held on his word was not to be calculated by Mr. Hammond's notions of its value. That the £200 a year should therefore be placed on the same footing as the £500 a year that had been allowed on a capital of £10,000; that accordingly it might be held to represent a principal of £4000, for which he inclosed a check, begging Mr. Gotobed not only to make Mr. Hammond fully understand that there ended all possible accounts or communication between them, but never again to trouble him with any matters whatsoever in reference to affairs that were thus finally concluded." Jasper, receiving the £4000, left Darrell and Gotobed in peace till the following year. He then addressed to Gotobed an exceedingly plausible, business-like letter. "The firm he had entered, in the silk trade, was in the most flourishing state—an opportunity occurred to purchase a magnificent mulberry plantation in Provence, with all requisite *magnanières*, etc., which would yield an immense increase of profit. That if, to insure him to have a share in this lucrative purchase, Mr. Darrell could accommodate him for a year with a loan of £2000 or £3000, he sanguinely calculated on attaining so high a position in the commercial world, as, though it could not render the recollection of his alliance more obtrusive to Mr. Darrell, would render it less humiliating."

Mr. Gotobed, in obedience to the peremptory instructions he had received from his client, did not refer this letter to Darrell, but having occasion at that time to visit Paris on other business, he resolved (without calling on Mr. Hammond) to institute there some private inquiry into that rising trader's prospects and status. He found, on arrival at Paris, these inquiries difficult. No one in either the *beau monde* or in the *haut commerce* seemed to know any thing about this Mr. Jasper Hammond. A few fashionable English *roués* remembered to have seen once or twice during Matilda's life, and shortly after her decease, a very fine-looking man shooting meteoric across some equivocal *salons*, or lounging in the *Champs Elysées*, or dining at the *Café de Paris*; but of late that meteor had vanished. Mr. Gotobed, then cautiously employing a commissioner to gain some information of Mr. Hammond's firm at the private residence from which Jasper addressed his letter, ascertained that in that private residence Jasper did not reside. He paid the porter to receive occasional letters, for which he called or sent; and the porter, who was evidently a faithful and discreet functionary, declared his belief that Monsieur Hammond lodged in the house in which he transacted business, though, where was the house, or what was the business, the porter observed, with well-bred implied rebuke, "Monsieur Hammond was too reserved to communicate, he himself too incurious to inquire." At length Mr. Gotobed's business, which was, in fact, a commission from a distressed father to extricate an imprudent son, a mere boy, from some unhappy associations, having brought him into the necessity of seeing persons who belonged neither to the *beau monde* nor to the *haut commerce*, he gleaned from them the information he desired. Mr. Hammond lived in the very heart of a certain circle in Paris, which but few Englishmen ever penetrate. In that circle Mr. Hammond had, on receiving his late wife's dowry, become the partner in a private gambling hell; in that hell had been ingulfed all the moneys he had received—a hell that ought to have prospered with him, if he could have economized his villainous gains. His senior partner in that firm retired into the country with a fine fortune—no doubt the very owner of those mulberry plantations which were now on sale! But Jasper scattered Napoleons faster than any *croupier* could rake them away. And Jasper's natural talent for converting solid gold into thin air had been assisted by a lady, who, in the course of her amiable life, had assisted many richer men than Jasper to lodgings in St. Pelagie, or cells in the Maison des Fous. With that lady he had become acquainted during the lifetime of his wife, and it was supposed that Matilda's discovery of this *liaison* had contributed perhaps to the illness which closed in her decease; the name of that lady was Gabrielle Desmarets. *She* might still be seen daily at the Bois de Boulogne, nightly at opera-house or theatre; *she* had apartments in the Chaussée d'Antin far from inaccessible to Mr. Gotobed, if he coveted the honor of her acquaintance. But Jasper was less before an admiring world. He was supposed now to be connected with another gambling-house of lower grade than the last, in which he had contrived to break his own bank, and plunder his own till. It was supposed also that he remained good friends with Mademoiselle Desmarets; but if he visited her at her house, he was never to be seen there. In fact, his temper was so uncertain, his courage so dauntless, his strength so prodigious, that gentlemen who did not wish to be thrown out of a window, or hurled down a stair-case, shunned any salon or boudoir in which they had a chance to encounter him. Mademoiselle Desmarets had thus been condemned to the painful choice between his society and that of nobody else, or that of any body else with the rigid privation of his. Not being a turtle-dove, she had chosen the latter alternative. It was believed, however, that if ever Gabrielle Desmarets had known the weakness of a kind sentiment, it was for this turbulent lady-killer; and that, with a liberality she had never exhibited in any other instance, when she could no longer help him to squander, she would still, at a pinch, help him to live; though, of course, in such a reverse of the normal laws of her being, Mademoiselle Desmarets set those bounds on her own generosity which she would not have imposed upon his, and had said with a sigh, "I could forgive him if he beat me and beggared my friends; but to beat my friends and to beggar me—*that* is not the kind of love which makes the world go round!"

Scandalized to the last nerve of his respectable system by the information thus gleaned, Mr. Gotobed returned to London. More letters from Jasper—becoming urgent, and at last even insolent—Mr. Gotobed, worried into a reply, wrote back shortly "that he could not even communicate such applications to Mr. Darrell, and that he must peremptorily decline all further intercourse, epistolary or personal, with Mr. Hammond."

Darrell, on returning from one of the occasional rambles on the Continent, "remote, unfriended, melancholy," by which he broke the monotony of his Fawley life, found a letter from Jasper, not fawning, but abrupt, addressed to himself, complaining of Mr. Gotobed's improper tone, requesting pecuniary assistance, and intimating that he could in return communicate to Mr. Darrell an intelligence that would give him more joy than all his wealth could purchase. Darrell inclosed that note to Mr. Gotobed; Mr. Gotobed came down to Fawley to make those revelations of Jasper's mode of life which were too delicate, or too much the reverse, to commit to paper. Great as Darrell's disgust at the memory of Jasper had hitherto been, it may well be conceived how much more bitter became that memory now. No answer was, of course, vouchsafed to Jasper, who, after another extremely forcible appeal for money, and equally enigmatical boast of the pleasurable information it was in his power to bestow, relapsed into sullen silence.

One day, somewhat more than five years after Matilda's death, Darrell, coming in from his musing walks, found a stranger waiting for him. This stranger was William Losely, returned from penal exile; and while Darrell, on hearing this announcement, stood mute with haughty wonder that such a visitor could cross the threshold of his father's house, the convict began what seemed to Darrell a story equally audacious and incomprehensible—the infant Matilda had borne to Jasper, and the certificates of whose death had been so ceremoniously produced and so prudently attested, lived still! Sent out to nurse as soon as born, the nurse had in her charge another babe, and this last was the child who had died and been buried as Matilda Hammond's. The elder Losely went on to stammer out a hope that his son was not at the time aware of the fraudulent exchange, but had been deceived by the nurse—that it had not been a premeditated imposture of his own to obtain his wife's fortune.

When Darrell came to this part of his story, Alban Morley's face grew more seriously interested. "Stop!" he said; "William Losely assured you of his own conviction that this strange tale was true. What proofs did he volunteer?"

"Proofs! Death, man, do you think that at such moments I was but a bloodless lawyer, to question and cross-examine? I could but bid the impostor leave the house which his feet polluted."

Alban heaved a sigh, and murmured, too low for Darrell to overhear, "Poor Willy!" then aloud, "But, my dear friend, bear with me one moment. Suppose that, by the arts of this diabolical Jasper, the exchange really had been effected, and a child to your ancient line lived still, would it not be a solace, a comfort—"

"Comfort!" cried Darrell, "comfort in the perpetuation of infamy! The line I promised my father to restore to its rank in the land, to be renewed in the grandchild of a felon!—in the child of the yet viler sharper of a hell!—You, gentleman and soldier, call that thought—'comfort?' Oh, Alban!—out on you! Fie! fie! No!—leave such a thought to the lips of a William Losely! He indeed, clasping his hands, faltered forth some such word; he seemed to count on my forlorn privation of kith and kindred—no heir to my wealth—no representative of my race—would I deprive myself of—ay—your very words—of a solace—a comfort! He asked me, at least, to inquire."

"And you answered?"

"Answered so as to quell and crush in the bud all hopes in the success of so flagrant a falsehood—answered, 'Why inquire? Know that, even if your tale were true, I have no heir, no representative, no descendant in the child of Jasper—the grandchild of William—Losely. I can at least leave my wealth to the son of Charles Haughton. True, Charles Haughton was a spendthrift—a gamester; but he was neither a professional cheat nor a convicted felon.'"

"You said that—oh, Darrell!"

The Colonel checked himself. But for Charles Haughton, the spendthrift and gamester, would William Losely have been the convicted felon? He checked that thought, and hurried on—"And how did William Losely reply?"

"He made no reply—he skulked away without a word."

Darrell then proceeded to relate the interview which Jasper had forced on him at Fawley during Lionel's visit there—on Jasper's part, an attempt to tell the same tale as William had told—on Darrell's part, the same scornful refusal to hear it out. "And," added Darrell, "the man, finding it thus impossible to dupe my reason, had the inconceivable meanness to apply to me for alms. I could not better show the disdain in which I held himself and his story than in recognizing his plea as a mendicant. I threw my purse at his feet, and so left him.

"But," continued Darrell, his brow growing darker and darker, "but wild and monstrous as the story was, still the idea that it MIGHT be true—a supposition which derived its sole strength from the character of Jasper Losely—from the interest he had in the supposed death of a child that alone stood between himself and the money he longed to grasp—an interest which ceased when the money itself was gone, or rather changed into the counter-interest of proving a life that, he thought, would re-establish a hold on me—still, I say, an idea that the story *might* be true, would force itself on my fears, and if so, though my resolution never to acknowledge the child of Jasper Losely as a representative, or even as a daughter, of my house, would of course be immovable—yet it would become my duty to see that her infancy was sheltered, her childhood reared, her youth guarded, her existence amply provided for."

"Right—your plain duty," said Alban, bluntly. "Intricate sometimes are the obligations imposed on us as gentlemen; '*noblesse oblige*' is a motto which involves puzzles for a casuist; but our duties as men are plain—the idea very properly haunted you—and—"

"And I hastened to exorcise the spectre. I left England—I went to the French town in which poor Matilda died—I could not, of course, make formal or avowed inquiries of a nature to raise into importance the very conspiracy (if conspiracy there were) which threatened me. But I saw the physician who had attended both my daughter and her child—I saw those who had seen them both when living—seen them both when dead. The doubt on my mind was dispelled—not a pretext left for my own self-torment. The only person needful in evidence whom I failed to see was the nurse to whom the infant had been sent. She lived in a village some miles from the town—I called at her house—she was out. I left word I should call the next day—I did so—she had absconded. I might, doubtless, have traced her, but to what end, if she were merely Jasper's minion and tool? Did not her very flight prove her guilt and her terror? Indirectly I inquired into her antecedents and character. The inquiry opened a field of conjecture, from which I hastened to turn my eyes. This woman had a sister who had been in the service of Gabrielle Desmarets; and Gabrielle Desmarets had been in the neighborhood during my poor daughter's lifetime, and just after my daughter's death. And the nurse had had two infants under her charge; the nurse had removed with one of them to Paris—and Gabrielle Desmarets lived in Paris—and, oh, Alban, if there be really in flesh and life a child by Jasper Losely to be forced upon my purse or my pity—is it his child, not by the ill-fated Matilda, but by the vile woman for whom Matilda, even in the first year of wedlock, was deserted? Conceive how credulity itself would shrink appalled from the horrible snare!—I to acknowledge, adopt, proclaim as the last of the Darrells, the adulterous offspring of a Jasper Losely and a Gabrielle Desmarets!—or, when I am in my grave, some claim advanced upon the sum settled by my marriage articles on Matilda's issue, and which, if a child survived, could not have been legally transferred to its father—a claim with witnesses suborned—a claim that might be fraudulently established—a claim that would leave the representative—not indeed of my lands and wealth, but, more precious far, of my lineage and blood—in—in the person of—of—"

Darrell paused, almost stifling, and became so pale that Alban started from his seat in alarm.

"It is nothing," resumed Darrell, faintly; "and, ill or well, I must finish this subject now, so that we need not reopen it.

"I remained abroad, as you know, for some years. During that time two or three letters from Jasper Losely were forwarded to me; the latest in date more insolent than all preceding ones. It contained demands as if they were rights, and insinuated threats of public exposure, reflecting on myself and my pride—'He was my son-in-law after all, and if he came to disgrace the world should know the tie.' Enough. This is all I knew until the man who now, it seems, thrusts himself forward as Jasper Losely's friend or agent, spoke to me the other night at Mrs. Haughton's. That man you have seen, and you say that he—"

"Represents Jasper's poverty as extreme; his temper unscrupulous and desperate; that he is capable of any amount of scandal or violence. It seems that though at Paris he has (Poole believes) still preserved the name of Hammond, yet that in England he has resumed that of Losely; seems, by Poole's date of the time on which he, Poole, made Jasper's acquaintance, to have done so after his baffled attempt on you at Fawley—whether in so doing he intimated the commencement of hostilities, or whether, as is more likely, the sharper finds it convenient to have one name in one country, and one in another, 'tis useless to inquire; enough that the identity between the Hammond who married poor Matilda and the Jasper Losely whose father was transported, that unscrupulous rogue has no longer any care to conceal. It is true that the revelation of this identity would now be of slight moment to a man of the world—as thick-skinned as myself, for instance; but to you it would be disagreeable—there is no denying that—and therefore, in short, when Mr. Poole advises a compromise, by which Jasper could be secured from want and yourself from annoyance, I am of the same opinion as Mr. Poole is."

"You are?"

"Certainly. My dear Darrell, if in your secret heart there was something so galling in the thought that the man who had married your daughter, though without your consent, was not merely the commonplace adventurer whom the world supposed, but the son of that poor dear—I mean, that rascal who was transported, Jasper too, himself a cheat and a sharper—if this galled you so that you have concealed the true facts from myself, your oldest friend, till this day—if it has cost you even now so sharp a pang to divulge the true name of that Mr. Hammond, whom our society never saw, whom even gossip has forgotten in connection with yourself—how intolerable would be your suffering to have this man watching for you in the streets, some wretched girl in his hand, and crying out, 'A penny for your son-in-law and your grandchild!' Pardon me—I must be blunt. You can give him to the police—send him to the treadmill. Does that mend the matter? Or, worse still, suppose the man commits some crime that fills all the newspapers with his life and adventures, including, of course, his runaway marriage with the famous Guy Darrell's heiress—no one would blame you, no one respect you less; but do not tell me that you would not be glad to save your daughter's name from being coupled with such a miscreant's, at the price of half your fortune."

"Alban," said Darrell, gloomily, "you can say nothing on this score that has not been considered by myself. But the man has so placed the matter that honor itself forbids me to bargain with him for the price of my name. So long as he threatens, I can not buy off a threat—so long as he persists in a story by which he would establish a claim on me on behalf of a child whom I have every motive, as well as every reason, to disown as inheriting my blood—whatever I bestowed on himself would seem like hush-money to suppress that claim."

"Of course—I understand, and entirely agree with you. But if the man retract all threats, confess his imposture in respect to this pretended offspring, and consent to retire for life to a distant colony, upon an annuity that may suffice for his wants, but leave no surplus beyond, to render more glaring his vices, or more effective his powers of evil—if this could be arranged between Mr. Poole and myself, I think that your peace might be permanently secured without the slightest sacrifice of honor. Will you leave the matter in my hands, on this assurance—that I will not give this person a farthing except on the conditions I have premised?"

"On these conditions, yes, and most gratefully," said Darrell. "Do what you will. But one favor more; never again speak to me (unless absolutely compelled) in reference to this dark portion of my inner life."

Alban pressed his friend's hand, and both were silent for some moments. Then said the Colonel, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "Darrell, more than ever now do I see that the new house at Fawley, so long suspended, must be finished. Marry again you must! You can never banish old remembrances unless you can supplant them by fresh hopes."

"I feel it—I know it!" cried Darrell, passionately. "And oh! if one remembrance *could* be wrenched away! But it shall—it shall!"

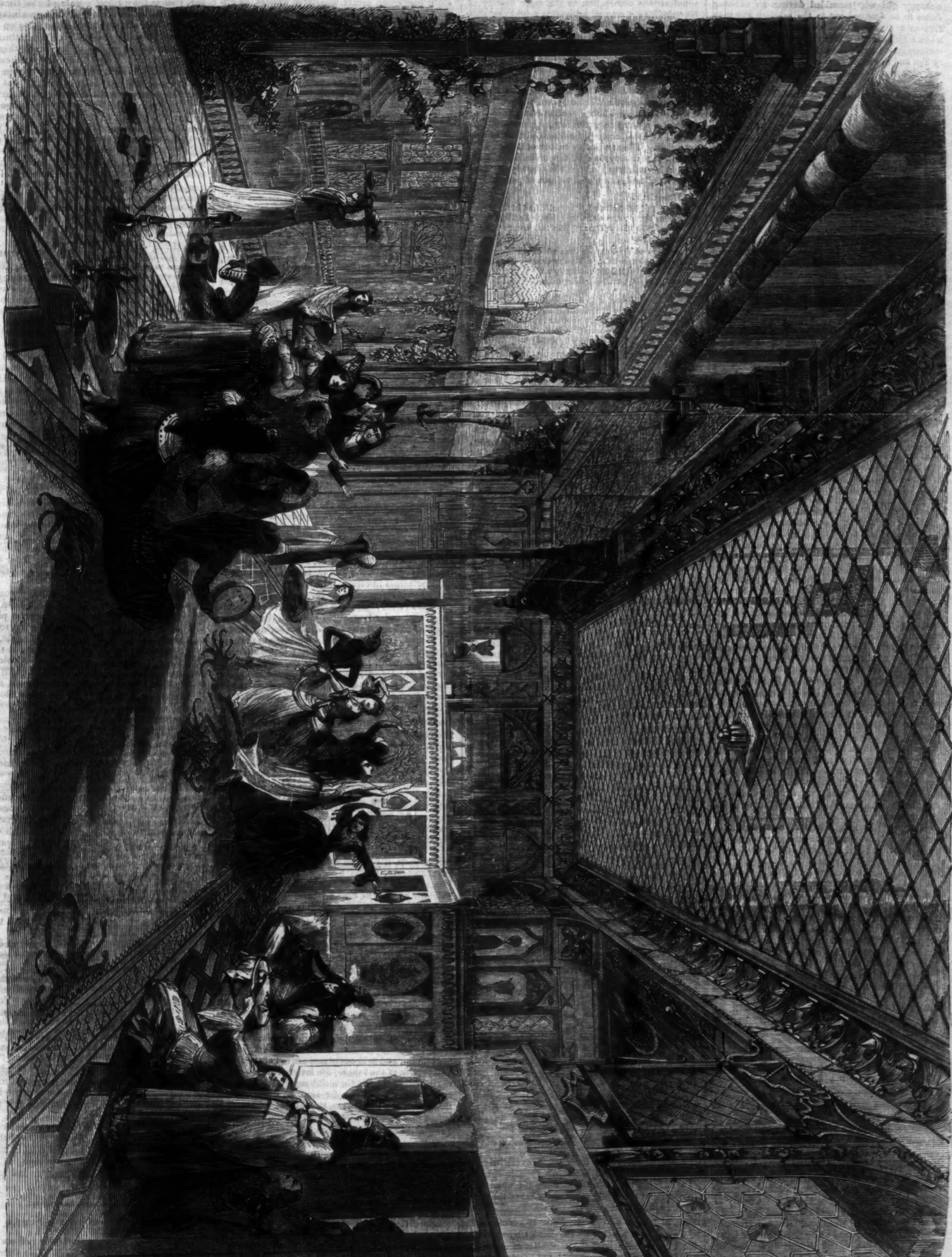
"Ah!" thought Alban, "the remembrance of his former conjugal life!—a remembrance which might well make the youngest and the boldest Benedict shrink from the hazard of a similar experiment."

In proportion to the delicacy, the earnestness, the depth of a man's nature, will there be a something in his character which no male friend can conceive, and a something in the secrets of his life which no male friend can ever conjecture.

PERSIAN DANCING-GIRLS.

In a former number of this journal we gave a pretty full description of private life in Persia, with illustrations taken from sketches made by a member of a late British embassy. We give now a picture of one of the most striking scenes of Persian life—the performance of the bayadères, or dancing-girls, in the hall of a Persian noble.

The scene will at once arrest attention. The hall is lofty and spacious, in order that, in that sultry country, fresh air may circulate freely. Creepers clustering round the windows fill the air with delicious fragrance; the ear is delighted with the sound of never-ceasing fountains. The floor is marble mosaic, here and there worked into designs; the walls are inlaid with paintings, mosaics, papier-maché from Birmingham and Paris, splendid



DANCING-GIRLS IN A PERSIAN NOBLEMAN'S SALOON.

mirrors from Venice, and exquisite sculptures in the beautiful transparent green marble of Tauris. Every angle and every corner is softened and half hid by a sculptured group. The walls contain alcoves, niches, closets, and even private chambers, to which the lazy lord of this luxurious abode may retire to rest without overfatiguing himself by the way.

Now, fair reader, if you have realized this sumptuous hall, with its resplendent magnificence, you must go a little further, and fancy its master, a pale, bearded Persian, half seated, half lying, on his carpet and his cushions in the coolest alcove, smoking his chibouk, and sipping his coffee or liqueur.

His lordship is dull this evening, he must be enlivened. Let the dancing-girls come in!

These dancing-girls, like the nautch-girls of India, and the same class in old Greece and Rome, are wanderers over the face of the earth. Most of them inherit their calling. In India they almost form a caste, and intermarry among themselves. In Persia people are not much in the habit of inquiring about girls' parents, and where the dancing-girls come from is more, probably, than they themselves could tell. They are "not in society;" the Persian ladies, who are a very poor variety of the human female so far as morals and intellect are concerned, will not associate with them. On the other hand, the Persian gentlemen are fonder of them than of their families; no banquet is complete without dancing-girls, and no luxury is more highly prized by the voluptuous Persian aristocracy than such a private spectacle as the one we now illustrate.

The girls are generally pretty, and always well made. The least clumsiness unfits a girl for the office of bayadère. Her form must be perfect, and her command of her muscles thorough. In India the savage rajahs have been known to order an

unhappy girl who stumbled during an exciting dance to be dragged out to the soldiery and then thrown to the tigers. By way of compensation, when a girl dances unusually well, and looks uncommonly seducing, the polygamic lord may marry her, and she may become the mother of his heir and successor. Every thing is balanced in this world.

The dance is nothing like what is seen at our theatres on ballet nights. It is a melodramatic pantomime, invariably descriptive of love scenes. Every muscle is called into play, and the face of a good dancer is as expressive as that of one of our crack actors. Foreigners who have been permitted to witness these exhibitions describe them as very exciting—far more so than the performances at our theatres. But even they see but little. The attachés of Feruk Khan, the late Persian embassador to France, describe very different scenes from those which have been recounted by European travelers. They state, moreover, that no well-bred Persian would suffer any male but himself to be present at a private exhibition in his own house. It will, in fact, be noticed that in our picture the lord of the house, servant-girls, and eunuchs are the only spectators of the performance.

The girls are well paid. It is usual to give them a toman apiece for their evening's dancing—about $2 50—which is a great deal of money in Persia. They earn it well, the fatigue is prodigious; some of their dances, during which the motion of the whole body is incessant, last half an hour.

Some years ago, an enterprising *danseuse* of the Paris opera was seized with a desire to see the world, and actually contrived to find her way into Persia alone. The feat was the more marvelous as, unlike that great female traveler Madame Pfeiffer, she was young and pretty. Arrived at Teheran, this enterprising young woman found herself at the end of her money. The accident would have been less embarrassing had she been willing to accept the offers of protection which were made to her by one or more attachés of the European legations; but she would have nothing to say to her countrymen. It was generally understood in diplomatic circles that she would soon be brought up before the Cadi as a vagrant who wouldn't pay her debts. Her French acquaintances anxiously awaited this *dénoument* to her little comedy.

Suddenly a rumor spread through aristocratic society that a minister of the Shah, a well-known connoisseur, had picked up a dancing-girl of almost supernatural address and loveliness. He had her, of course, said rumor, in close seclusion in his palace, and the best bred among his friends did not venture upon the solecism of even addressing him on the subject. He was not, himself, so discreet. He told his good fortune every where; vaunting the grace and the beauty of his new bayadère from morning till night. Piqued at last by a challenge from a brother minister, he broke through conventional rules, and invited a select party to his country-seat to witness the performance of his new dancer. One or two of the diplomatic body were admitted to the réunion; which, however, did not number more than an ordinary dinner-party.

The entertainment was, of course, splendid and *recherché*. The best wines of the Rhine and Burgundy, the most fascinating dishes, the most tempting tobacco, pressed upon the guests by young slaves who seemed all either Hebes or luckless Ganymedes, preluded the *pièce de résistance* of the banquet. At last, when the grosser senses were appeased, the host gave an order to a slave, and the dancing-girl appeared. The foreigners almost shouted—it was the little Parisian opera girl equipped and trained as a Persian bayadère.

What the particular character of the performance of that evening was none of the fortunate spectators have ever disclosed. The Persians, when questioned on the subject, simply turned their eyes to heaven and confessed that none of their own dancing-girls could charm them again. And it is understood, in select circles at Teheran, that, for a round sum down, a relative of the Shah became possessor of the successful *danseuse*, who consented to be sold in order to become his Royal Highness's wife.

We trust that no aspiring young lady will, on the strength of this, go to Persia, and try her fortune as a bayadère.

Miscellany.

—From a recently-published Memoir of the

Author of the Caxtons,

it appears that his full name is

Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton. He is the third and youngest son of the late General William Earle Bulwer, of Heydon Hall and Wooddalling, in the County of Norfolk, by his wife Elizabeth, *née* Lytton, sole heiress and last descendant of the Lyttons of Knebworth, in the County of Hertford. His mother was last blood representative of the family of Norreys-Robinson-Lytton, of Monacdhu, in the island of Anglesea, and of Guersylt, in Denbighshire, and claimed direct descent, through the alliances of her ancestors, from the first Plantagenet king, Henry II.; from Anne, sister of Owen Tudor, grand-aunt of King Henry VII.; from the Earl of Warwick, the king-maker, as well as from the Norman houses of Grosvenor of Eaton, and Stanley of Hooton, and Warburton of Arley, and from the princes of Ancient Wales, Caradoc Vreichvras and Roderic Mawr. It was in recognition of the splendor of this stately pedigree that when, in 1837, at the period of the coronation of Queen Victoria, the then Prime Minister (the late Viscount Melbourne) acquainted Bulwer Lytton with the royal intention to include him in a new creation of baronets, the noble Premier gracefully intimated that, if regarded as given to one of so ancient a family, the title could not be esteemed a distinction; yet that, as given exclusively to the man of letters, in conjunction with the simultaneous nomination to the same dignity of Herschell, as a man of science, it might probably be a welcome honor—namely, as a tribute to literature. As such it was proffered, as such it was accepted—as a tribute to literature.

Who was Lady Bulwer?

In 1828 Bulwer Lytton, still in the early dawn of manhood, was united in marriage to Rosina, daughter of Francis Wheeler, Esq., of Lizard Connell, in Ireland. The fruits of this marriage were a son and a daughter; the latter prematurely deceased, in 1846, among the fated victims of consumption. The son is also a man of letters, and, under the pseudonyme of Owen Meredith, the author, in his extreme youth, of the tragedy of "Clytemnestra," and, later, of a volume of poems.

A Meeting.

In 1846 Bulwer Lytton published his first really remarkable poem, a satire of modern London, under the title of "The New Timon." In this occurs the following passage:

"One after one the lords of time advance;
Here Stanley meets—how Stanley scorns—the glance!
The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of Debate!
* * * * * * *
Yet who not listens, with delighted smile,
To the pure Saxon of that silver style?
In the clear style, a heart as clear is seen,
Prompt to the rash—revolting from the mean."

The *Stanley* there alluded to is Geoffry, Earl of Derby, now Prime Minister of England; but then, as Lord Stanley, one of the most feared and formidable leaders of the Opposition. The author of "The New Timon" little thought at the time that he and the man he thus eulogized would, twelve years afterward, stand together in the Ministry of their country.

—Even kings may be bored—which fact is demonstrated by a recent English writer, who furnishes a list of

Some Royal Grievances,

showing how three hundred and twenty-five thousand out of the three hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds sterling, which forms the moderate annual allowance of a British monarch, are spent.

We can imagine a young, amiable, sensitive, and newly-created monarch—a monarch simple in tastes, who had spent much of his time in the comparative solitude of yacht-sailing—coming unexpectedly to a throne, in consequence of some uncalculated vagaries of death, and being set down, suddenly and unprepared, in the midst of this eddying whirlpool of frothy state. We can imagine his bewilderment at the crowd in the first department—that of the Lord Steward—consisting of the Lord Steward himself, a treasurer, a controller of the household, master of the household, secretary of the master, another secretary, three clerks of the household, secretary of the garden accounts, paymaster of the household, office-keeper, two messengers, and a necessary woman.

In the Royal Kitchen

there is a clerk of the kitchen, four clerks of the kitchen, one messenger of the kitchen, a necessary woman of the kitchen, a chief cook, four master cooks, sundry apprentices, two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant cooks, two roasting cooks, four scourers, three kitchen maids, one store-keeper, two green-office men, two steam-apparatus men, first yeoman of the confectionery, second yeoman of the confectionery, an apprentice of the confectionery, three female assistants, an errand man, a pastry-cook, two female assistants of the pastry-cook, a baker, an assistant baker, three coffee-room women, one yeoman of the ewer, two female assistants of the yeoman of the ewer, the gentleman of the wine and beer cellars, two yeomen of the intoxicating liquors, a groom of the intoxicating liquors, a principal table-decker, a second table-decker, a third table-decker, an assistant table-decker, a wax-fitter, three yeomen of the plate-pantry, a groom of the plate-pantry, and six assistants of the plate-pantry. Two principal coal-porters, eleven assistants of the two principal coal-porters. First gentleman-porter, first yeoman-porter, second yeoman-porter, an assistant-porter, three groom-porters, a state sergeant-porter, five state yeomen-porters, four state under-porters, and ten night-porters. One first lamp-lighter, a second lamp-lighter, seven assistant lamp-lighters, a yeoman of the steward's room, five assistants of the yeoman of the steward's room, an usher of the servants' hall, three assistants of the usher of the servants' hall. To complete this bewildering list, there is an Hereditary Grand Almoner (honorary), Lord High Almoner (honorary), yeoman secretary of the almonry, one knight marshal and eight marshalmen, ranger of Windsor home park, ranger of Windsor great park, and deputy-ranger of Windsor great park.

Scarcely recovered from these overwhelming parasites of the Lord Steward's department, we can imagine the bewildered monarch wandering into another household province—that of the Lord Chamberlain, who supervises the

Royal Sleep and Out-door Exercise.

There he is hustled by the Lord Chamberlain, the Vice-Chamberlain, the controller of accounts, and superintendent of the duties of the department of the Lord Chamberlain, a chief clerk, an inspector of accounts, three assistant-clerks, an office-porter, three office-messengers, keeper of the privy purse, secretary to the keeper of the privy purse. He has next to acknowledge the courtesies of a mistress of the robes, eight ladies of the bed-chamber, eight maids of honor, eight bed-chamber women, and an extra bed-chamber woman; then to endure the obeisances of a groom of the robes, a clerk to the groom of the robes, a messenger to the groom of the robes, and a furrier to the groom of the robes. He is next saluted by eight lords in waiting, eight grooms in waiting to help the lords in waiting, an extra groom in waiting, four gentlemen ushers of the privy-chamber, four gentlemen ushers, several daily waiters, an assistant gentleman usher, four grooms of the privy-chamber, eight gentlemen ushers, quarterly waiters, an extra gentleman usher, ten grooms of the great chamber, thirty-two (honorary) gentleman of the privy-chamber. A master of the ceremonies, assistant master of the ceremonies, a marshal of the ceremonies, five pages of the back stairs, two state pages, a page of the chambers, six pages of the presence, and three pages' men to wait upon the pages. Then come sergeants-at-arms: he must have a night sergeant-at-arms, a Lord Chancellor's sergeant-at-arms, House of Commons' sergeants-at-arms, three kings of arms, six heralds, four queen's messengers, one Lord Chamberlain's messenger. He is further troubled with three inspectors of palaces, three carpet-men, nine housekeepers, three linen-room women, three necessary women, sixty housemaids, two strangers' attendants. At Windsor Castle, when

Royalty goes to Church,

it encounters a dean of the Chapel-Royal, a subdean, a chaplain, a clerk of the queen's closet, three deputy-clerks, a resident chaplain in ordinary, a closet-keeper, forty-eight chaplains in ordinary, ten priests in ordinary, four chaplains, three preachers, three readers, sixteen lay gentlemen of the chapels-royal, four organists, two composers, a violist, a sergeant of the vestry, a groom of the vestry, a master of the boys, and ten boys to be mastered.

If Royalty is Ill,

it must not be without evoking the services of two physicians in ordinary, four physicians extraordinary, one physician to the household, first and second physician-accoucheur, onesurgeon-accoucheur, two sergeant-surgeons, one surgeon to the household, three surgeons-extraordinary, four apothecaries to the person, two apothecaries to the household, two apothecaries-extraordinary, a chemist, a druggist, one dentist to the household, two surgeon-dentists, an aurist, an oculist, and a surgeon-chiropodist. Finally,

Royalty loves Music.

Woe to the unhappy monarch if he does not; for he must keep a master of the state band of music, a conductor, twenty-five performers, a sergeant-trumpeter, and nine household trumpeters. He must pay, also, a poet-laureate, an examiner of plays, a master of the tennis-court, three bargemen and watermen, a keeper of the swans, a keeper of the jewel-house in the Tower, an exhibitor of jewels, a principal librarian, a librarian in ordinary, a painter in ordinary, a surveyor of pictures, captain and gold stick, lieutenant and silver stick, standard-bearer and silver stick, clerk of the cheque, adjutant and silver stick, gentleman harbinger and silver stick, two sub-officers, a secretary to the captain, and forty gentlemen-at-arms; captain of yeoman body-guard, lieutenant, ensign, adjutant, and clerk of the cheque, four exempts, assistant adjutant, eight sergeant-majors, two messengers, one hundred yeomen; and Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle.

—Of course

Royalty Rides.

Having finished the Lord Chamberlain's department, our fatigued and distracted monarch, on going into his stables, finds the Master of the Horse, one principal coachman and twelve others, four footmen, twenty-six grooms, chief equerry and clerk marshal, four equerries in ordinary, an extra equerry, four pages of honor, crown equerry and secretary to the Master of the Horse, first clerk of the stables, second clerk of the stables, assistant clerk of the stables, inspector of stables, a veterinary surgeon, a yeoman rider, a lady rider, a sergeant-footman, fifteen footmen, fifty helpers. A Master of the Buckhounds and Hereditary Grand Falconer can not be done without.

Who Serves?

We can imagine our bewildered monarch, exhausted with the labor of the survey, retiring to a vacant apartment (if such a place could be found), and, looking over the list of his host of attendants, attendants' attendants, and servants of attendants' attendants. He finds there, the names of members of the first families in the land, who carry out the old feudal custom of waiting on the sovereign; and who, as there are no castles to be sacked, and as there is no plunder to be had, are content to receive a commonplace remuneration in the form of salary, varying from forty to four thousand pounds per annum, and paid every quarter out of the Civil List portion of the taxes. He looks over that same Civil List, and finds that, although he is its head and centre, he receives for his own disposal less than one-sixth every year, the rest being absorbed before it reaches him by the surrounding circles.

Royalty takes a Drink.

Indignantly he rings a bell, and is answered by a proud young porter, page, equerry, groom, waiter, and K.C.B. The bewildered monarch, considerably awed, asks for a glass of water. Four and twenty bells ring in succession, each one summoning another, until at last the man is reached whose duty it is to draw the water, after the Asiatic system of caste in full working order, aided by all the advantages of a superior civilization. The water—with some considerable delay—is passed on from hand to hand, until it reaches the expectant and bewildered monarch. He sees the whole organization at a glance—the perfect, unbroken chain of relative flunkeyism: every body combing every body else's hair, every body brushing every body else's coat, every body pouring out every body else's coffee, every body handing every body else a shoe-horn, every body attending every body else abroad, every body waiting upon every body else at dinner, every body laughing at every body else's jokes, and sometimes (for quarrels will arise in the very best-regulated palaces), every body kicking every body else down stairs.

Finally, we can imagine our bewildered monarch so much alarmed at the amount of detail that exists for him to master, and at the number and variety of individualisms of different degrees of importance he has to avoid offending and misdirecting, that in the dusk of evening he seizes a stout pea-jacket, and slips privately out at a back gate, to take a long and quiet cruise in the Baltic or the Mediterranean.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A decided Hit.—During the very warm weather in June last, a party of ladies and gentlemen from Hector made an excursion on Seneca Lake, from Watkins to Geneva, by the steamer *S. H. Arnot;* and finding the day so delightfully cool and pleasant on the lake, one of the ladies remarked to the captain that, while the weather continued so hot, she would like to be captain herself very well. He replied, in a most gentlemanly manner, that he would not object to her becoming *captain's mate* if the business increased as fast as it had done the previous week.

Punch says, Louis Napoleon has directed the re-vaccination of his whole army. Perhaps Mr. Tom Duncombe—in his hatred of vaccination—will consider that this accounts for the *virus* displayed by the French army against England. At any rate, it is a very wise piece of *Jenner*alship.

Profound Reflection.—I have often observed, at a public entertainment, that when there is any thing particular to be seen, and every body wants particularly to see it, every body immediately stands up, and effectually prevents any body from seeing any thing.

CUPID.

T'other day as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, 'midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor, Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee; and in a cup
Of my wine I sank him,
And what d'ye think I did?—I drank him;
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with ten-fold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings,
I feel him tickling my heart-strings!

The Art of Conversation.—Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

Definition.—Life: A farce to the rich; a comedy to the wise; a tragedy to the poor.

ADVICE TO LADIES.

If you your lips would save from slips,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak, *to* whom you speak,
And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.

A scientific friend of ours has discovered the cause of the potato blight a few years ago. He ascribes it to the *rot-tator-y* movement of the earth.

Mrs. Partington's Visit to the "Tented Field."—"Did the guard present arms to you, Mrs. Partington?" asked a commissary, as he met her at the entrance of a marquee. "You mean the century?" said she, smiling. "I have heard so much about the tainted field, that I believe I could deplore an attachment into line myself, and secure them as well as an officer. You asked me if the guard presented arms. He didn't; but a sweet little man, with an epilepsy on his shoulder and a smile on his face, did, and asked me if I wouldn't go into a tent and smile. I told him that we could both smile as well outside, when he politely touched his chateau and left me." The commissary presented a hard wooden stool, upon which she reposed herself. "This is one of the seats of war, I suppose?" said she. "Oh, what a hard lot a soldier is objected to! I don't wonder a mite at the hardening influence of a soldier's life. What is that for?" asked she, as the noise of a cannon saluted her ear. "I hope they ain't firing on my account." There was a solicitude in her tone as she spoke, and she was informed that it was only the general, who had just arrived upon the field with his staff. "Dear me!" said she, "how cruel it is to make an old gentleman come down here, when he is so feeble that he has to take his staff with him wherever he goes." She was so affected at the idea, that she had to take a few drops of white wine to restore her equilibrium, and to counteract the dust from the "tainted field."

A gentleman who had the marvelous gift of shaping a great many things out of orange-peel, was displaying his abilities at a dinner-party before Theodore Hook and Mr. Thomas Hill, and succeeded in counterfeiting a pig to the admiration of the company. Mr. Hill tried the same feat, and after destroying and strewing the table with the peel of at least a dozen oranges, gave it up with the exclamation, "Hang the pig! I can't make one!" "Nay, Hill," exclaimed Hook, "you have done more; instead of one pig, you have made a *litter!*"

"Oh for some Quiet Spot!"—Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar, do ye not know some quiet spot where hoops are worn no more? Some lone and silent dell, some island or some cave, where women can walk three abreast along the village pave? The loud winds hissed around my face, and answered—"Nary place."

What is earth, sexton?—A place to dig graves.
What is earth, rich man?—A place to work slaves.
What is earth, graybeard?—A place to grow old.
What is earth, miser?—A place to dig gold.
What is earth, school-boy?—A place for my play.
What is earth, maiden?—A place to be gay.
What is earth, seamstress?—A place where I weep.
What is earth, sluggard?—A good place to sleep.
What is earth, soldier?—A place for battle.
What is earth, herdsman?—A place to raise cattle.
What is earth, widow?—A place for true sorrow.
What is earth, tradesman?—I'll tell you to-morrow.
What is earth, sick man?—'Tis nothing to me.
What is earth, sailor?—My home is the sea.
What is earth, statesman?—A place to win fame.
What is earth, author?—I'll write there my name.
What is earth, monarch?—For my realm 'tis given.
What is earth, Christian?—The gateway to heaven.

A Fair Barbarian.—The recent triumphs of modern mechanical art, of mind over matter, have thrown ancient ingenuity, even of the highest order, sadly into the shade. Let us take one instance: "In Egypt I saw Cleopatra's Needle," a young lady returning from her school in England to her home in India wrote lately to her friends, "but I thought very little of it, I assure you, after having seen the sewing-machine in London."

I gave my love a chain of gold
Her beauteous neck to bind;
But she keeps me in faster hold
With chains around my mind.
I think I have the harder part,
For 'neath her lovely chin
She carries links outside her heart—
My fetters are within.

When the cholera was raging in the south of Europe a native of Hungary heard that in a certain village it attacked only men. Hoping to escape the disease, he disguised himself as a female, with the utmost care and secrecy, and went to live in the favored village. Soon after his arrival he was, however, attacked with the worst symptoms of the disorder, and in his agony exclaimed, "Alas! alas! who could have betrayed my sex?"

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it.

A humorous writer in the Yonkers *Examiner*, Mr. T. Spoon, publishes the subjoined rules for the composition of poetry, with an example of their application:

"1st. Select your metre. This may be any thing you choose, except hexameter. You would do well to leave that stumbling cadence to Longfellow and Charles Kingsley.

"2d. Determine whether your lines shall be blank verse or rhymed. The fact that Jno. Milton got only $50 for several thousand lines of very respectable blank verse, called "Paradise Lost," may assist your choice in this respect.

"3d. Select your subject. This may be serious or comic. Serious poetry will endear you to the younger portion of the girls; comic poetry will cause you to be considered a desirable person for picnics and evening sociables. Either is therefore desirable.

"4th. By all means have your verses end with a fine moral sentiment, so that the reader may esteem himself a very good person because he repeats and assents to your moralities."

As an instance of the application of these verses, the writer offers a versified epitaph on an old horse, Charley, written during a steamboat sail from Fort Washington to New York city:

"Poor Charley!" says the writer, "like Plato, his bones grew dry when he reached the age of twenty-eight, and, attempting one day to kick up his heels like a colt, he broke one of his legs. He could not commit suicide, as the great philosopher did after he broke his finger, and so one of the farmers shot Charley as mildly as possible."

Here lies a faithful steed—
A stanch, uncompromising "silver gray—"
Who ran the race of life with sprightly speed,
Yet never ran—away.

Wild oats he never sowed,
Yet masticated tame ones with much zest;
Cheerful he bore each light allotted load,
As cheerfully took rest.

Bright were his eyes, yet soft,
And in the main his tail was white and flowing;
And though he never sketched a single draught,
He showed great taste for drawing.

Lithe were his limbs and clean,
Fitted alike for buggy or for dray;
And like Napoleon the Great, I ween,
He had a martial neigh.

Oft have I watched him grace
His favorite stall, well littered, warm, and fair,
With such contentment shining from his face,
And such a stable air.

With here and there a speck
Of roan diversifying his broad back;
And, martyr-like, a halter round his neck,
Which bound him to the rack.

Mors omnibus! at length
The hey-day of his life was damped by death;
So, summoning all his late remaining strength,
He drew—his final breath.

A drunken father undertook to chastise an undutiful son, nearly as large as himself, in the 2d Ward, on the 4th of July, says the Louisville *Journal*, but fell suddenly down—prostrated by a *son stroke!*

In the year 1848, the Legislature of Illinois gave to the then town of Rock Island, in that State, a *city charter*, which provided for putting in operation a city government, upon condition that at an election called for that purpose a majority of the citizens should vote to accept the charter. The election was duly called, and every thing promised well for the result until two or three days before it was to come off, when opposition to the measure began to show itself, and, finally, a "public meeting of the citizens" was holden at the court-house, which was well attended, and where it was unanimously

"*Resolved*, That in view of the fact that cholera, ship-fever, small-pox, and other deadly, infectious, and dangerous epidemics, prevail to an alarming extent in *all cities*, the attempt to bring these calamities upon our healthy town deserves our hearty indignation; and that we now, and always will, oppose a *city charter*."

The consequence was, those persons ambitious of sitting in the Mayor's chair were obliged to wait another year. Since that time a "public meeting at the court-house" has frequently been resorted to, and it always proves a wet blanket upon all innovations.

My neighbor T—— had a social party at his house a few evenings since, and the "dear boy" Charles, a five-year-old, was favored with permission to be seen in the parlor. "Pa" is somewhat proud of his boy, and Charles was, of course, elaborately got up for so great an occasion. Among other extras, the little fellow's hair was treated to a liberal supply of Eau de Cologne, to his huge gratification. As he entered the parlor and made his bow to the ladies and gentlemen, "Look'e here," said he, proudly, "if any of you smells a smell, that's *me!*" The effect was decided, and Charles, having thus in one brief sentence delivered an illustrative essay on human vanity, was the hero of the evening. Every one could call to mind some boy of larger growth, whose self-satisfaction, though not perhaps so audibly announced, was yet equally evident, and not better founded.

Not parties, but principles. Let us be of no party but God's party, and use all other agencies as we use railroad cars—traveling upon one as far as it will take us in the right direction, and then leaving it for another.

A man ought to carry himself in the world as an orange-tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden—swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air.

In a Sunday-school in the central part of New York, an eminent divine was addressing the scholars, and in the course of his remarks said that he hoped that none present had ever disobeyed their parents, lied, or taken God's name in vain. Here he was interrupted by a little boy, of seven years, triumphantly exclaiming, "*I've done 'em all once!*"

"Holloa, Tom, that's a pretty coat you have on; *farmer's satin*, is it not?"

"No, Sir; no *farmer sat in* this coat, I can tell you. I had it made for myself, and got it new from the store."

Judge Sewall, of Massachusetts, who died in 1760, went one day into a hatter's shop in order to purchase a pair of second-hand brushes for cleaning his shoes. The master of the shop presented him with a couple.

"What is your price?" said the Judge.

"If they will answer your purpose," replied the other, "you may have them and welcome."

The Judge, hearing this, laid them down, and, bowing, was leaving the shop, when the hatter said to him, "Your honor has forgotten your brushes."

"By no means," said the Judge. "If you please to set a price I am ready to purchase; but ever since I have had a seat on the bench I have studiously avoided receiving to the value of a single copper, lest at some future period of my life it might have some kind of influence in determining my judgment."

Query. How many judges of this stamp are on the bench at the present time?

An Ethiopian Compliment to Woman.—"Dey may rail agin women as much as dey like, but dey can't set me agin dem. I hab always in my life found dem to be fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, fust in de ice cream saloon, and de fust, best, and de last in de sick room. What would we poor debils do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly, and as helpless as we please, and a woman's arm am open to receibe us. She it am who gubs us our fust dose of castor oil, and puts close 'pon our helplessly naked limbs, and cubbers up our foots and toeses in long flannel petticoats; and it am she, as we grow up, who fills our dinner-baskets wid doughnuts and apples as we start to school, and licks us when we tears our trousis."

The fourth finger was originally chosen for wearing the wedding ring, for the reason that it is not only used less than either of the rest, but is more capable of preserving a ring from bruises—having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it can not be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the others may be singly stretched out to their full length and straightness.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, July* 26, 1858.

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending July 24, 1858	$3,801,648....	$1,462,388
Corresponding week, 1857	8,530,805....	889,051
Increase..........		$573,337
Decrease..........	$4,729,157	

At this time last year the effect of the new tariff was still being felt, and we were at the height of that inflation which was so abruptly terminated by the revulsion. Money is now fairly quotable at 3 per cent., and is hardly to lend in large amounts even at that rate. Exchange on England, which rallied to 110 in the beginning of the week, fell off toward the close; the latest sales of bankers' paper averaged 109½. At these rates specie will continue to flow outward in moderate amounts.

Stocks are steady, without movement of any kind and without activity. Pacific Mail has improved to 90 @ 91, in consequence of the Frazer's River excitement. The railroad stocks are generally tranquil and dull. Pending controversies between the rival companies discourage the public from touching such investments.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, July* 26, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been very sparingly supplied with the leading kinds of Breadstuffs. A break in the Erie Canal west of Schenectady cut off supplies from that source. The receipts by railway and by Southern boats have been limited; hence sellers have obtained higher prices, though business has been much restricted....Cotton, Naval Stores, and Tobacco have been lightly dealt in at previous figures....Groceries have attracted more attention at strenthening prices. Rio Coffee and Cuba Sugars especially have been in brisk request. The sales of Sugars on Thursday, when the greatest activity was exhibited, amounted to 6300 hogsheads, and 3500 boxes, which, it is believed, formed the heaviest day's business ever transacted in this market....Provisions have been in fair demand at strengthening rates....Wool has been moderately inquired for at uniform rates....The Fall trade in Dry Goods has been commenced, the earliest orders for supplies coming from the South and Southwest. Stocks are fair and well assorted. Holders exhibit much confidence. The Dry Goods imports during the week amounted to $1,679,300, against $4,378,697, the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $27,189,683, against $59,946,512, the same week last year. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 10	@	$4 40
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 10	@	4 30
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 20	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 30	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel..	4 30	@	5 30
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	4 65	@	7 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 60
Corn Meal, per barrel..........	3 75	@	4 25
White Wheat, per bushel..........	1 05	@	1 45
Red Wheat, per bushel..........	85	@	1 30
Corn, per bushel..........	83	@	95
Rye, per bushel..........	70	@	—
Barley, per bushel..........	—	@	62½
Western Oats, per bushel..........	45½	@	46½
State Oats, per bushel..........	45	@	46
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	41	@	44
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	32	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound..........	12¼	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel..........	17 12½	@	—
Prime Pork, per barrel..........	14 00	@	—
Country Mess Beef, per barrel..........	10 75	@	11 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	18 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel..........	16 00	@	18 00
Cut Meats, per pound..........	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound..........	11½	@	11¾
State Butter, per pound..........	12	@	22
Western Butter, per pound..........	10	@	16
Cheese, per pound..........	4	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds..........	3 00	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound..........	7½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound..........	6	@	8
Cuba Molasses, per gallon..........	26	@	32
New Orleans Sugar, per pound..........	6	@	8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon....	42	@	—
Hyson Teas, per pound..........	27	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound..........	30	@	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon..........	—	@	24
Hops, per pound..........	5	@	7
Hay, per 100 pounds..........	40	@	70
Tallow, per pound..........	9½	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds...	3 62½	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon..........	44	@	45
Tar, per barrel..........	1 75	@	2 00
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds..........	1 57½	@	1 60
Linseed Oil, per gallon..........	73	@	75
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound..........	6½	@	15
Seed Leaf Tobacco..........	9	@	35
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	27	@	46
" Pulled Wool..........	25	@	38

Freights have been quiet. For Liverpool — Cotton, 3-16d. @ 7-32d. per pound; Flour, 2s. @ 2s. 1½d. per barrel; Grain, 7d. @ 7½d. per bushel; Heavy Goods, 17s. 6d. @ 22s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 728.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were not so freely supplied with Beeves, which were in fair demand at firmer prices....Milch Cows were plentier than needed, and prices were languid....Veal Calves were less abundant, and were dearer, as were likewise Sheep and Lambs....Swine continued scarce and quiet....The reported receipts of Live Stocks during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending July 14.	Week ending July 21.
Beeves..........	3,956	3,279
Milch Cows..........	211	213
Veal Calves..........	913	584
Sheep and Lambs..........	13,322	9,612
Swine..........	3,436	5,732

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois..........	1,494	Pennsylvania...	126
Ohio..........	439	Kentucky......	100
Indiana..........	196	Iowa..........	37
New York.....	141		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound..	$ 6	@	$ 9½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound..........	4½	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	2 50	@	8 00
" " per pound..........	3½	@	8
Live Swine, per pound..........	4½	@	5¼
Dressed " "..........	5½	@	7
Roasting Pigs, each..........	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets, with good supplies of the leading commodities, have exhibited considerable activity.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Gooseberries, per bushel..........	$2 50	@	$5 00
Cherries, per pound..........	4	@	12
Plums, per box..........	4 00	@	—
Currants, per pound..........	4	@	7
Raspberries, per 100 baskets..........	2 50	@	7 50
Blackberries, per bushel..........	4 50	@	5 00
Huckleberries, per bushel..........	3 50	@	4 25
Apples, new, per barrel..........	3 00	@	4 00
Peaches, per box..........	1 00	@	5 00
String Beans, per bushel..........	75	@	1 00
Potatoes, new, per barrel..........	2 00	@	2 50
Onions, new, per barrel..........	2 50	@	—
" " per 100 strings..........	4 00	@	6 00
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches..........	1 50	@	2 00
Beets, new, per 100 bunches..........	2 00	@	3 00
New Carrots, per 100 bunches..........	2 00	@	3 00
Cabbage, new, per 100..........	2 00	@	5 00
Squashes, per bushel..........	1 00	@	1 25
Radishes, per 100 bunches..........	37½	@	62½
Green Peas, per bushel..........	1 00	@	1 25
Green Corn, per 100 ears..........	75	@	1 25
Watermelons, per 100..........	25 00	@	75 00
Nutmeg Melons, per 100..........	8 00	@	12 00
Tomatoes, per bushel..........	1 75	@	2 50
Cucumbers, per barrel..........	2 00	@	2 50
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen....	16	@	17½
Eggs, Western, per dozen..........	10	@	12½
Chickens, per pair..........	37	@	87
Fowls, per pound..........	11	@	14
Fowls, per pair..........	75	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair..........	62	@	1 25
Spring Geese, each..........	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound..........	15	@	—
Pigeons, per dozen..........	75	@	2 00
Woodcock, per dozen..........	3 00	@	3 50
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen..........	1 25	@	1 75
Snipe, Ox-eyes, per dozen..........	25	@	50
Plover, per dozen..........	3 00	@	4 00

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Chapter XXXVI. Which seems to mean Mischief.
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